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ESSAYS
AND
CRITICISMS,
BY DR. GOLDSMITH.

VOL. III.

ESSAY

CRITICISM



ESSAYS
AND
CRITICISMS,
BY DR. GOLDSMITH;
WITH
AN ACCOUNT
OF
THE AUTHOR.

N THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.



London:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, S T. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

M.DCC.XCVIII.

ESSAYS

AND

CRITICISMS

BY DR. GOLDSMITH

WITH

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE AUTHOR

IN THE VARIOUS

VOICES

OF THE



LONDON

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MDCCLXXIII

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* This lady is said, in a note, to have died at Edinburgh in extreme penury and wretchedness; but this is a mistake. She is still (1797) living. What is there declared was true of Mrs. Baddeley, with whom the Editor confounded Miss Brent.

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ESSAYS.

ESSAY I.

ASCHOOL in the Polite Arts properly signifies, that succession of Artists which has learned the principles of the art from some eminent master, either by hearing his lessons, or studying his works, and, consequently, who imitate his manner either through design, or from habit. Musicians seem agreed in making only three principal schools in music; namely, the school of Pergolese in Italy, of Lully in France, and of Handel in England; though some are for making Rameau the founder of a new school, different from those of the former, as he is the inventor of beauties peculiarly his own.

WITHOUT all doubt Pergolese's music deserves the first rank: though excelling neither in variety of movements, number of parts, nor unexpected flights; yet he is universally allowed to be the musical Raphael of Italy. This great master's principal art consisted in knowing how to excite our passions by sounds which seem frequently opposite to the passion they would express: by slow,

solemn sounds he is sometimes known to throw us into all the rage of battle; and even by faster movements, he excites melancholy in every heart that sounds are capable of affecting. This is a talent which seems born with the artist. We are unable to tell why such sounds affect us: they seem no way imitative of the passion they would express, but operate upon us by an inexpressible sympathy; the original of which is as inscrutable as the secret springs of life itself. To this excellence he adds another, in which he is superior to every other artist of the profession, the happy transitions from one passion to another. No dramatic poet better knows to prepare his incidents than he: the audience are pleased, in those intervals of passion, with the delicate, the simple harmony, if I may so express it, in which the parts are all thrown into fugues, or often are barely unison. His melodies also, where no passion is expressed, give equal pleasure, from this delicate simplicity: and I need only instance that song in the *Serva Padrona*, which begins *Lo conosco a quegl'occelli*, as one of the finest instances of excellence in the duo.

THE Italian artists in general have followed his manner, yet seem fond of embellishing the delicate simplicity of the original. Their style in music seems somewhat to resemble that of Seneca in writing, where there are some beautiful starts of thought;

thought ; but the whole is filled with studied elegance, and unassuming affectation.

LULLY, in France, first attempted the improvement of their music, which in general resembled that of our old solemn chaunts in churches. It is worthy remark, in general, that the music of every country is solemn in proportion as the inhabitants are merry ; or, in other words, the merriest sprightliest nations are remarked for having the slowest music ; and those whose character it is to be melancholy, are pleased with the most brisk and airy movements. Thus in France, Poland, Ireland, and Switzerland, the national music is slow, melancholy, and solemn ; in Italy, England, Spain and Germany, it is faster, proportionably as the people are grave. Lully only changed a bad manner, which he found, for a bad one of his own. His drowsy pieces are played still to the most sprightly audience that can be conceived ; and even though Rameau, who is at once a musician and a philosopher, has shewn, both by precept and example, what improvements French music may still admit of, yet his countrymen seem little convinced by his reasonings ; and the *Pont-neuf taste*, as it is called, still prevails in their best performances.

THE English school was first planned by Purcell : he attempted to unite the Italian manner that

prevailed in his time, with the ancient Celtic carol and the Scotch ballad, which probably had also its origin in Italy; for some of the best Scotch ballads ("The Broom of Cowdenknows," for instance) are still ascribed to David Rizzio. But be that as it will, his manner was something peculiar to the English; and he might have continued as head of the English school, had not his merits been entirely eclipsed by Handel. Handel, though originally a German, yet adopted the English manner: he had long laboured to please by Italian composition, but without success; and though his English Oratorios are accounted inimitable, yet his Italian Operas are fallen into oblivion. Pergolese excelled in passionate simplicity; Lully was remarkable for creating a new species of music, where all is elegant, but nothing passionate or sublime: Handel's true characteristic is sublimity: he has employed all the variety of sounds and parts in all his pieces: the performances of the rest may be pleasing, though executed by few performers; his require the full band. The attention is awakened, the soul is roused up at his pieces; but distinct passion is seldom expressed. In this particular he has seldom found success: he has been obliged, in order to express passion, to imitate words by sounds, which though it gives the pleasure which imitation always produces, yet it fails of exciting those lasting affections, which it is in
the

the power of sounds to produce. In a word, no man ever understood harmony so well as he; but in melody he has been exceeded by several.

[THE following OBJECTIONS to the preceding ESSAY having been addressed to Dr. SMOLLETT (as EDITOR of the BRITISH MAGAZINE, in which it first appeared); that Gentleman, with equal candour and politeness, communicated the MS. to Dr. GOLDSMITH, who returned his ANSWERS to the OBJECTOR in the NOTES annexed.—EDIT.]

PERMIT me to object against some things advanced in the paper on the subject of THE DIFFERENT SCHOOLS OF MUSICK. The author of this article seems too hasty in degrading the * harmo-

* Had the Objector said *melodious* Purcel, it had testified at least a greater acquaintance with music, and Purcel's peculiar excellence. Purcel in melody is frequently great: his song made in his last sickness, called *Rosy Bowers*, is a fine instance of this; but in harmony he is far short of the meanest of our modern composers, his fullest harmonies being exceeding simple. His Opera of *Prince Arthur*, the words of which were Dryden's, is reckoned his finest piece. But what is that, in point of harmony, to what we every day hear from modern masters? In short, with respect to genius, Purcel had a fine one: he greatly improved an art but little known in England before his time; for this he deserves our applause: but the present prevailing taste in music is very different from what he left it, and who was the improver since his time we shall see by and by.

nious Purcel from the head of the English School, to erect in his room a foreigner (Handel), who has not yet formed any School *. The gentleman, when he comes to communicate his thoughts upon the different Schools of Painting, may as well place Rubens at the head of the English painters, because he left some monuments of his art in England †. He says that Handel, though *originally* a German (as most certainly he was, and continued so to his last breath), yet adopted the En-

* Handel may be said as justly as any man, not Pergolese excepted, to have founded a new School of Music. When he first came into England, his music was entirely Italian : he composed for the Opera ; and though, even then, his pieces were liked, yet did they not meet with universal approbation. In those he has too servilely imitated the modern vitiated Italian taste, by placing what foreigners call the *point d'orgue* too closely and injudiciously. But in his Oratorios he is perfectly an original genius. In these, by steering between the manners of Italy and England, he has struck out new harmonies, and formed a species of music different from all others. He has left some excellent and eminent scholars, particularly Worgan and Smith, who compose nearly in his manner ; a manner as different from Purcel's as from that of modern Italy. Consequently Handel may be placed at the head of the English school.

† The Objector will not have Handel's school to be called an English school, because he was a German. Handel in a great measure found in England those essential differences which characterize his music : we have already shewn that he had them not upon his arrival. Had Rubens come over

English manner *. Yes, to be sure, just as much as Rubens the painter did. Your correspondent, in the course of his discoveries, tells us, besides, that some of the best Scotch ballads ("The Broom of Cowdenknows," for instance) are still ascribed to England but moderately skilled in his art; had he learned here all his excellency in colouring, and correctness of designing; had he left several scholars, excellent in his manner, behind him; I should not scruple to call the school erected by him, the English school of Painting. Not the country in which a man is born, but his peculiar style, either in painting or in music—That constitutes him of this or that school. Thus Champagne, who painted in the manner of the French school, is always placed among the painters of that school, though he was born in Flanders, and should consequently, by the Objector's rule, be placed among the Flemish painters. Kneller is placed in the German school, and Ostade in the Dutch, though both born in the same city. Primaticci, who may be truly said to have founded the Roman school, was born in Bologna; though, if his country was to determine his school, he should have been placed in the Lombard. There might several other instances be produced; but these, it is hoped, will be sufficient to prove, that Handel, though a German, may be placed at the head of the English school.

* Handel was originally a German; but, by a long continuance in England, he might have been looked upon as naturalized to the country. I don't pretend to be a fine writer: however, if the gentleman dislikes the expression (although he must be convinced it is a common one), I wish it were mended.

to David Rizzio*. This Rizzio must have been a most original genius, or have possessed extraordinary imitative powers, to have come, so advanced in life as he did, from Italy, and strike so far out of the common road of his own country's musick.

* I said that they were ascribed to David Rizzio. That they are, the Objector need only look into Mr. Oswald's Collection of Scotch Tunes, and he will there find not only The Broom of Cowdenknows, but also The Black Eagle, and several other of the best Scotch tunes ascribed to him. Though this might be a sufficient answer, yet I must be permitted to go farther, to tell the Objector the opinion of our best modern musicians in this particular. It is the opinion of the melodious Geminiani, that we have in the dominions of Great Britain no original music, except the Irish; the Scotch and English being originally borrowed from the Italians. And that his opinion in this respect is just (for I would not be swayed merely by authorities), it is very reasonable to suppose, first, from the conformity between the Scotch and ancient Italian music. They who compare the old French Vaudevilles brought from Italy by Rinnuccini with those pieces ascribed to David Rizzio, who was pretty nearly cotemporary with him, will find a strong resemblance, notwithstanding the opposite characters of the two nations which have preserved those pieces. When I would have them compared, I mean I would have their basses compared, by which the similitude may be most exactly seen. Secondly, it is reasonable from the ancient music of the Scotch, which is still preserved in the Highlands, and which bears no resemblance at all to the music of the Low-country. The Highland tunes are sung to Irish words,

E S S A Y I.

A MERE fiddler *, a shallow coxcomb, a giddy, insolent, worthless fellow, to compose such pieces as nothing but genuine sensibility of mind, and an exquisite feeling of those passions which animate only the finest souls, could dictate; and in a manner too, so extravagantly distant from that to which he had all his life been accustomed!—It is impossible.—He might, indeed, have had presumption enough to add some flourishes to a few favourite airs, like a cobbler of old plays, when he takes it upon him to mend Shakespeare. So far he might go; but farther it is impossible for any one to believe, that has but just ear enough to distinguish between the Italian and Scotch music, and is disposed to consider the subject with the least degree of attention,

March 18, 1760.

S. R.

words, and flow entirely in the Irish manner. On the other hand, the Lowland music is always sung to English words.

* David Rizzio was neither a mere fiddler, nor a shallow coxcomb, nor a worthless fellow, nor a stranger in Scotland. He had, indeed, been brought over from Piedmont, to be put at the head of a band of music, by King James V. one of the most elegant princes of his time, an exquisite judge of music, as well as of poetry, architecture, and all the fine arts. Rizzio, at the time of his death, had been above twenty years in Scotland: he was secretary to the queen, and at the same time an agent from the pope; so that he could not be so obscure as he has been represented.

E S S A Y II.

I OWN it gave me some pleasure to find the entertainment at Vauxhall, which I regard, under proper regulations, as one of the most harmless and pleasing we have, much improved this season*: improved, if we consider the expence, which is lessened, or the singers, who are better than before. Mrs. VINCENT and Miss BRENT† are certainly capable of furnishing out an agreeable evening; and it must be confessed, the conductor of this entertainment has spared no expence in pro-

* June 1760.—EDIT.

† The former of these Ladies (whose maiden name was BURCHELL) was afterwards married to Captain MILLS, one of the few who had the good fortune to escape from the Black Hole at Calcutta; and by whom she had a daughter (Mrs. FERGUSON) who appeared on the stage of Covent Garden Theatre this winter (1790) in the character of *Rosetta* in “*Love In A Village*.”—Mrs. MILLS is still living.—EDIT.

Miss BRENT afterwards married PINTO, a celebrated performer on the violin, and who presided over the Orchestras at Drury-lane and Vauxhall for several years; but having excluded herself by improper behaviour from an engagement at the London Theatres, she died a few years ago at Edinburgh in extreme penury and wretchedness.—EDIT.

curing

curing a very elegant band of performers. The satisfaction which I received the first night I went there was greater than my expectations ; I went in company of several friends of both sexes, whose virtues I regard, and judgments I esteem. The music, the entertainment, but particularly the singing, diffused that good-humour among us, which constitutes the true happiness of society ; but I know not how, from praising both the singers, as they deserve, we insensibly fell into a comparison of their respective perfections : one part of the company seemed to favour the old singer, another the new. The ladies, who in such a case always declare their opinions first, seemed to give it in favour of Mrs. Vincent, because she was a married woman : the generality of the gentlemen were of a contrary opinion, and for a contrary reason. We, however, at length agreed to refer the dispute to two gentlemen of the company, who had been for some time in Italy, and were beside, of themselves, tolerable performers. Even they, however, seemed of different opinions ; and, as well as I remember, this was the substance of what either said on the occasion :

“ I own,” said he who spoke first, “ that Miss Brent, by pleasing the town last season in the Beggar’s Opera, has acquired a share of popularity

which may alone lead the injudicious ; but let us strip her of her theatrical ornaments, and merely as a singer compare her with her rival Mrs. Vincent ; I think it will be allowed me Mrs. Vincent has rather the most graceful person of the two ; and even that consideration, trifling as it may seem, is of some consequence, when we are considering the perfections of a female singer. In Italy, you know, Sir, scarce a lady dares appear even in a chorus, upon the stage, or as a public performer, without this natural advantage. Upon some of Miss Brent's notes, there is also a huskiness, which her rival is entirely free from ; for you must confess, that nothing can be clearer than Mrs. Vincent's voice. Miss Brent sometimes drives the feeling theatrical manner into affectation ; for though a little of that manner is proper at all times, and is, in fact, the only thing in which the voice excels an instrument, yet in plain singing, where acting is not required, it may sometimes be carried to a ridiculous excess. Mrs. Vincent sings with more ease, fetches her inspirations quicker, more unperceived, and with a better grace than your new favourite. Though I must own, that neither the one nor the other are, by any means, perfect timeists ; yet in this respect Mrs. Vincent has certainly the advantage, and is seldom guilty of blunders, which the other, through haste, want of skill, or of time, sometimes com-
com-

mits. I have but one thing more to say in favour of Mrs. Vincent, which is, that she would certainly appear to greater advantage were the music she sings more nicely adapted to her voice. Every judicious composer sets his music to the voice of the performer: that which this singer chuses seems, in general, taken by herself at a venture, or composed for her, without a perfect knowledge of her excellencies. The lower part of her voice has a much finer body than the upper, which is rather too small, and has somewhat too much of the German-flute tone in it. Though she has great command, yet her transitions are not perfectly graceful; the music therefore adapted to her, and in which she would certainly charm, should be composed of notes not reaching extremely high, and not with difficult transitions. The music composed for Miss Brent, on the contrary, is set with perfect taste, and with a thorough knowledge of her *fort*. That pretty song of "Liberty," in particular, both in delicacy and accompaniment, is far beyond the songs of Mrs. Vincent."

INFLUENCED by this, most of the company were going to declare in favour of Mrs. Vincent, when the other gentleman gave his opinion as follows: "I allow the justice of almost all that has been advanced, but I am of opinion Miss Brent is far superior. It is true, her voice is by no means so clear

clear as Mrs. Vincent's, nor have I ever heard any finger equal that lady in this particular, yet still Miss Brent has much the best voice of the two ; for it is at once capable of a greater swell, and has a greater body of tone. These two perfections are alone sufficient to give her the preference ; but there is another in which she excels almost every finger : I mean that of her voice being perfectly in tune. I cannot tell whether it be in reality so ; but it would seem, by the exact tunefulness of her voice, that she had not been entirely taught to sing from the harpsichord ; for such as are wholly taught by that instrument, though they may be sufficiently in tune with any instrument, yet by learning only to chime with a chord, which from the nature of this instrument is not quite perfect, they seldom arrive to that tunefulness which reaches the heart ; and hence we see natural singers frequently more pleasing than those who are taught. The lady I refer to seems to possess all that native sweetness of voice, at the same time that she has acquired by art the perfect manner of flattening those notes, which upon the voice and every natural instrument, as the trumpet and horn, are naturally too sharp. Her shake, though not perfect (as it is in general too quick) is however much superior to the other's, who is very faulty in this respect. Though she may sometimes feel too
much

much, yet it must be owned that this is preferable to a total vacancy of sensibility, which is the other's case. Let us add to this, that the music we have now heard her sing is preferable to that sung by Mrs. Vincent ; and I fancy, upon the whole, we shall find she affords the highest entertainment. I am sensible that both have faults, which neither of us have mentioned ; and one among the rest is in the execution of those holding notes of which they both seem so fond. They seem to think that all the art in this respect lies, in beginning one of those tedious notes very soft, and then swelling it as loud as possible in the middle, then falling off, and so forth. These should never be continued without that softening which is taken from the tone below ; which on the voice is capable of becoming every moment more distinct, till it at last falls naturally into the shake, which should not be of very long continuance neither. But I fear I tire the company : I shall only observe, that the public are greatly obliged to both for one of its most innocent and highest amusements."

Just as he had finished we were called away to hear the concluding song, which gave me such pleasure, I could not avoid concluding, that she who sung last always sung best.

E S S A Y III.

I FANCIED myself placed at the foot of an high mountain, and saw round me several people who were preparing to climb up its steepy side. Desirous of knowing whither they were going, I mixed in the crowd, and attempted to ascend as well as the rest. Near half way to the top I perceived a fountain, of which several drank with the utmost eagerness; and not even the Pump-room at Bath could be filled with a greater variety of characters. Lords, bishops, 'squires, tradesmen, and men without trades, strove each for a draught; and as each drank he seemed intoxicated, though but with water. The drinkers spoke frequently without understanding what they said; they decided magisterially on subjects which they did not comprehend; and judged of works they had never seen. They talked of painting without knowing the elements of the art; and decided upon music without having an ear to distinguish harmony. Nothing, in short, could be more ridiculous than their conversation. They in general
aimed:

aimed at being sayers of *good things*, which some uttered with solemn pride, and others with petulant loquacity.

A LADY accosted a certain nobleman : "My dear lord," says she, "are we to expect no production of your's this season ? I am so fatigued with the works of those mercenary writers for bread, that I protest if I don't see something new of yours I shall absolutely discontinue my studies, and return to piquet."—"Excuse me, madam," replied his lordship, "I should be very willing to publish my works, if there were many such judges as you ; but, alas ! we have neither taste, sentiment, nor genius amongst us ; we are quite fallen : none are capable of distinguishing true delicacy. Would you think, madam, that my volume of philosophical poems would not go off, and yet the very same judges had bought Pope's Works with great eagerness ? No, madam, I shall reserve my future productions for posterity, who, I flatter myself, will give them a more favourable reception."

IN another quarter I perceived a well-dressed poet reading his manuscript to a ragged brother, who seemed in raptures with every line of it ; he praised the language, sentiment, and sublimity ; shrugged up his shoulders in extacy, and flourished his

his hands with enthusiasm. As the emperors formerly paid poets for every line they liked, so on the contrary our ragged poet was paid for every line he happened to praise; the writer reading it to him, not for the sake of his corrections but his flattery.

MY attention was called off from this couple to another, where a young man dressed in shabby finery was asking another, who seemed to be a nobleman by his appearance, for a subscription. "Excuse me, Sir," replied his Lordship, "I never subscribe, except for prints or drawings; for I am resolved to encourage and revive the fine arts among us, and even vie with Italy for the superiority."

DISGUSTED with such conversation, I was upon the point of returning back, when one of the crowd, addressing me, said, "Dear Sir, won't you drink before you go? Here you are got to the Fountain of *Fine Sense*, and yet are going away without tasting."—"What!" replied I, "is this the Fountain of *Fine Sense*?"—"Yes, Sir," said he, "and as soon as you shall have drank of its waters, you will find yourself every whit as amiable and pleasing as the rest of the company."—"Excuse me, Sir," says I; "if the waters are to have the same effect upon me that I see them have upon the rest of
the

the company, I disclaim all pretensions to *fine sense*, and am much better pleased with common sense."

"Ah, my dear," returned he with a shrug, "keep your common sense for a circle of Hollanders or Aldermen. Without taste, virtù, and delicacy, how insipid is every society!"

I WAS just upon the point of descending the mountain, when I perceived some persons at the summit; and though I knew it must cost me great pains, I did what I could to join them. When with incredible labour I had gained it, I there found a second fountain, round which several persons were placed, who drank freely of its waters; and seemed at once to unite gravity, sense, and humour. Here I perceived people of all the nations of Europe entertaining each other without rancour, wrangling, or envy. There Metastasio and Maffei paid their mutual compliments, and attempted each other's improvement; there Voltaire and the Royal Prussian gave and received fame reciprocally; Gresset and Pyron read their works to each other with delight; and there I saw Johnson, Gray, and Mason, with some other authors of our own country, conveying strong sense in the wildest sallies of poetical enthusiasm.

PLEASED with the company, I was just going to take a draught of the delicious fountain, when an old agreeable acquaintance, who had been long posted there,

there, and who shall be nameless, welcomed me with so violent a shake by the hand that I awoke, and received no other benefit from my imaginary journey, than a certain conviction, that a shallow understanding generally aspires at the reputation of wit, but true genius ever chooses to wear the appearance of good sense.

ESSAY

E S S A Y IV.

THERE can be perhaps no greater entertainment than to compare the rude Celtic simplicity with modern refinement. Books, however, seem incapable of furnishing the parallel; and to be acquainted with the ancient manners of our own ancestors, we should endeavour to look for their remains in those countries, which, being in some measure retired from an intercourse with other nations, are still untinged with foreign refinement, language, or breeding.

THE Irish will satisfy curiosity in this respect preferably to all other nations I have seen. They in several parts of that country still adhere to their ancient language, dress, furniture, and superstitions; several customs among them that still speak their original; and, in some respects, Cæsar's description of the Ancient Britons is applicable to these.

THEIR Bards, in particular, are still held in great veneration among them: those traditionain
heralds

heralds are invited to every funeral, in order to fill up the intervals of the howl with their songs and harps. In these they rehearse the actions of the ancestors of the deceased, bewail the bondage of their country under the English government, and generally conclude with advising the young men and maidens to make the best use of their time, for they will soon, for all their present bloom, be stretched under the table, like the dead body before them.

Of all the Bards this country ever produced, the last and the greatest was CAROLAN THE BLIND. He was at once a poet, a musician, a composer, and sung his own verses to his harp. The original natives never mention his name without rapture ; both his poetry and music they have by heart ; and even some of the English themselves, who have been transplanted there, find his music extremely pleasing. A song beginning "O Rourke's noble fare
"will ne'er be forgot," translated by Dean Swift, is of his composition ; which, though perhaps by this means the best known of his pieces, is yet by no means the most deserving. His songs, in general, may be compared to those of Pindar, as they have frequently the same flights of imagination, and are composed (I don't say written, for he could not write) merely to flatter some man of fortune

tune

tune upon some excellence of the same kind. In these one man is praised for the excellence of his stable, as in Pindar, another for his hospitality, a third for the beauty of his wife and children, and a fourth for the antiquity of his family. Whenever any of the original natives of distinction were assembled at feasting or revelling, Carolan was generally there, where he was always ready, with his harp, to celebrate their praises. He seemed by nature formed for his profession; for as he was born blind, so also he was possessed of a most astonishing memory, and a facetious turn of thinking, which gave his entertainers infinite satisfaction. Being once at the house of an Irish nobleman, where there was a musician present, who was eminent in the profession, Carolan immediately challenged him to a trial of skill. To carry the jest forward, his Lordship persuaded the musician to accept the challenge, and he accordingly played over on his fiddle the fifth concerto of Vivaldi. Carolan, immediately taking his harp, played over the whole piece after him, without missing a note, though he had never heard it before; which produced some surprise: but their astonishment increased, when he assured them he could make a concerto in the same taste himself, which he instantly composed, and that with such spirit and elegance, that it may compare (for we have it still) with the finest compositions of Italy.

His death was not more remarkable than his life. Homer was never more fond of a glass than he ; he would drink whole pints of Usquebaugh, and, as he used to think, without any ill consequence. His intemperance, however, in this respect, at length brought on an incurable disorder, and when just at the point of death, he called for a cup of his beloved liquor. Those who were standing round him, surprised at the demand, endeavoured to persuade him to the contrary ; but he persisted, and when the bowl was brought him, attempted to drink, but could not ; wherefore, giving away the bowl, he observed with a smile, that it would be hard if two such friends as he and the cup should part at least without kissing ; and then expired.

E S S A Y V.

THE follies of mankind are an unexhausted fund, which can ever supply a writer with materials. They may be said to be even sterile from their fertility ; and an embarrassment in the choice has the same effects with an absence of invention.

POSSESSED with the truth of such a maxim, I retired to rest, in order to dissipate the chagrin which such reflections naturally produce ; but a Dream brought the whole train of thought more strongly to my imagination, and, by a regular succession of images, exhibited the dead for the instruction of the living.

I FANCIED myself in the Elysian Fields, and ran over in a short time a variety of mansions, in which souls, habituated in life to virtue, had prepared themselves thus for an happy immortality. I shall abridge the account of what I saw which did not deserve particular attention, and shall only remark what particularly struck me in those charm-

ing retreats, where Kings repose from those labours which in life they endured from a love of their people, and a passion for true glory.

SCARCE did I meet there with any of those great men who owe their immortality to flattery, and unjustly imputed merit. Achilles, Theseus, Hercules, Alexander, Cæsar, Anthony, were names entirely unknown in these happy mansions. Minos the judge had wisely considered, that men, whose whole happiness in life consisted in troubling the repose of others, would be incapable of enjoying eternal repose themselves in those happy retreats, where a great part of the pleasure consisted in tranquillity. The infernal judges therefore granted those regions only to princes, many of whom were entirely unknown to the rest of mankind, who by a life of innocence and peace had prepared themselves for eternal repose below.

SUCH, instead of endeavouring to extend the bounds of their dominion, only endeavoured to dispel those storms which threatened their country; being rather better pleased with softening the vanity of conquerors by a few trifling submissions, than of raising their resentment by a resistance often vain, always pernicious, even though such resistance should happen to be crowned with success.

NOT

NOT to those, the true fathers of their people, are we indebted for those new systems of government, and those refined laws, which vain glory have introduced into states with so little necessity ; on the contrary, fond of a rational simplicity, they only cultivated the dictates of truth, observed such laws as experience gave a sanction to, and made their own example the first servant to every institution. In a word, men whose modesty was equal to their other virtues, and who gave up glory to others, content with the pleasing consciousness of having deserved it.

FROM this most beautiful of all retreats there lies an immense journey to the mansions of Poetry and Taste ; yet by that facility of travelling which is natural to a person who dreams, I soon perceived myself among them. I here found a wide difference between the manner of the poet's treatment below and above. Those who while in life had no other lodging than a garret, were here fitted with very genteel apartments ; and those who once were the servants of the great, were now attended by some of the deceased nobility, who served them as footmen, valets de-chambre, and flatterers. Their city was divided into several compartments, adapted to their peculiar tastes or dispositions ; while at stated intervals they all met together, in order to

settle disputes, and weigh their reputations, as several had been found to receive a large share of fame immediately after their decease, which, in a succession of ages, evaporated quite away.

ORPHEUS was the first poet who caught my attention, who sat weeping by the side of a stream, that seemed to murmur back his complaints. His lyre was responsive to his sorrow, and drew round him numbers of enchanted hearers. I own that I was not a little surprised at his complaint, as I saw the beautiful Eurydice, for whom he died, sitting beside him. "Alas ! (cried I to a ghost that stood near me) what can now induce him thus to weep, as he has found the lovely object of all his concern ?"—"Fool (replied the spirit, who was wiser than I), he weeps now because he has found her; for it seems in less than a twelvemonth's acquaintance she became a shrew, and he now feels the same desire to part with her that he had once to find her."

PINDAR was next attempting to climb all the sign-posts : sometimes he would sit astride, and call the mob from below to look on ; at other times, when he had just reached the top, he would fall headlong down ; nor yet seemed very much hurt by the fall ; but, like the celebrated Anteus, appeared to gain fresh vigour to rise.

HORACE

HORACE stood gazing among the croud at this literary rope-dancer ; and at intervals would burst out into fits of applause ; would, with a great degree of good sense, assure his friends that Pindar fell merely through design, and engaged a large party in his favour. From admiration he soon began to strive at imitation, and began to climb ; but when he had got half way up the post, his strength and spirits failed him : there he stuck, and could get neither up nor down. He looked most pitifully round on the crowd that was laughing below, and begged that some one would lend him a shoulder, when a meagre tall figure, whom I knew to be Scaliger, appearing, took the little man in his arms, and brought him off unhurt before the faces of all the spectators.

As I was pleasing myself with this escape, and following the critic, who was carrying him to a place of safety, I happened to meet Anacreon, who was now turned politician, and settling the balance of Hell. I was surprised to find him so very much altered from what he had been on earth. "Where (cries I) O Teian, are those agreeable fallies of the heart, where the soul, without any aid from the imagination, spoke its most inward feelings, ever tender, ever new?"—"Friend (replied the bard, with a frown), what can I do in a
C 3 place

place where I am refused both women and wine ? When I came hither, I found myself quite at a loss for employment ; and as I knew nothing I became a politician, for that is a trade that everybody knows."

HE had scarce finished, when I heard before me a loud uproar of applause and invective ; and, turning round, I perceived an old man supported on his stick, and yet seemingly held up by two Commentators on each side, who served to direct him along ; and at the same time continued to assure the populace, who were gathered round, that he was by no means so blind as he seemed, but that he frequently saw with the utmost perspicuity. As he walked along, however, at every four paces he seemed to have an inclination to sleep, and his attitude in this respect was so natural, that the spectators seemed almost to sympathize ; but, drowsy as they were, they still continued to cry out, " The divine old man ! the incomparable poet ! the marvellous genius ! the admirable philosopher ! the sublime orator !" in short, there was scarce a title of praise that was not lavished on the immortal Homer.

IT would have excited pity to see how much the old bard, who in the main was a man of good sense, seemed ashamed of so much unmerited praise.

praise. In vain he attempted to steal away from the crowd that was gathered round him; the Commentators were a set of attendants not easily shook off; they even made him frequently blush with their fulsome adulations. Like *Sofia*, in the comedy, he frequently felt himself all over, in order to know whether he was himself or no; and he could scarce be brought to conceive how his journey to Hell could make such a prodigious change in his reputation; and, to confess a truth, he was right. While he was alive his whole fame consisted in being a good ballad-finger, and he considered his poems only as a trade taken up for want of a better, by which he scarce found a subsistence. It was a matter of wonder, that those very men who formerly denied *Homer* a little corner in some obscure hospital, in order to rest his *Muse*, fatigued with her vagrant life, now offered him divine honours. He, however, behaved with as much modesty as possible for a man in his circumstances. I could not avoid asking him, why there ran such a similarity through all the books of his *Iliad*, which must certainly fatigue every reader but those who are determined to admire. To which he very candidly replied, "Ask these gentlemen who support me; they will probably give you good reasons for what I have done, for faith I am incapable of giving any myself."

UPON applying to the Commentators for a solution of my doubts, they heard me with the utmost contempt and indignation, and, instead of argument, began to proceed to invective. Happily for me they were but shades, otherwise I might have expected a much more injurious treatment ; and I should certainly have fallen beneath the hands of this company of men, who gloried in the title of Modernicides. Eustathius, however, made up to me with looks of vehement indignation ; and, lifting up his nervous arm, would have made me feel the force of his resentment, had I not been happily saved from the blow by waking from my Dream.

ESSAY

E S S A Y VI.

IN the flowery paths of novel and romance, we are taught to consider love as a blessing that will last for life : it is exalted above its merits ; and by teaching the young and unexperienced to expect more from it than it can give, by being disappointed of their expectations, they do not receive from it even those advantages it has to bestow.

LOVE between the sexes should be regarded as an inlet to friendship, nor should the most beautiful of either hope to continue the passion a month beyond the wedding-day. Marriage strips love of all its finery ; and if friendship does not appear to supply its place, there is then an end of matrimonial felicity.

BUT this love and friendship, by being too violent, often destroy themselves. A wife by expecting too much of her husband's company, or he, on the other hand, desiring too much tenderness from her, only impair that union of heart which both endeavour to cement. Perhaps they who ex-

pect least are often paid with most of the pleasures of a married state ; as some accidentally happen to fall upon agreeable parties, but seldom find them so, if appointed long before-hand : those bonds which unite the married couple may be tied too closely, which is perhaps a worse inconvenience than if they had not been tied at all.

To illustrate this, let me be permitted to relate a real story that happened near Chester some years ago ; which will more clearly display the inconveniencies arising from too high a regard on each side, than any remarks of mine upon this occasion.

THOMAS and JAMES CHALONER were brothers residing near Chester ; they were both possessed of small but independent fortunes, and nearly at the same time intended to improve those fortunes by matrimony. Thomas, the elder, paid his addresses to a young lady of great beauty and family in the neighbourhood, and she received his professions with mutual passion ; her father, however, attempted to interrupt the match from mercenary motives, as he was sensible of the inequality of Mr. Thomas Chaloner's fortune to that he intended for his daughter. The young lovers were too much enamoured of each other to attend to the dissuasive voice of avarice upon this occasion ; and, contrary to the inclinations of all their friends,
were

were privately married, promising themselves an endless source of felicity in each other's possession.

IN the mean time, Mr. James Chaloner also was married; but without any of those circumstances of stolen happiness or forbidden endearment. His wife was chosen from that rank of life immediately beneath his own; she was a farmer's daughter, had a little money, and an hearty blessing from her father. She was neither very handsome, nor extremely sensible; and their amours would by no means have served as the subject of romance.

BOTH brothers had not been long married, when a law-suit called them over to Ireland; and, unwilling to leave their wives behind, they all embarked from Parkgate on their passage to Dublin. They had not been at sea an hour when a violent storm arose; the ship was old, and the mariners but few: she was therefore driven at the mercy of the waves, and at length approached a rocky shore, where nothing but instant death was expected, especially to those who could not swim. In this terrible situation the captain desired the passengers to prepare for death, as the ship could not hold it a quarter of an hour longer; but at the same time encouraged those who were skilled in swimming to save themselves as well as they could.

THOMAS, who, as we have already observed, had married for love, now shewed the whole extent of his passion. Clasp^{ing} his lovely bride in his arms, he cried out that he disdained to live without her ; that as they had lived with the utmost passion, so he was resolved to die with it ; and no intreaties could prevail upon him to attempt saving his life, though even his wife joined in the request.

It was very different between the prudent James and his spouse : “ My dear,” said he, “ I would live with you if I could ; but my death can give you no satisfaction : and as it is impossible for me to save you, I must endeavour to save myself :” so saying, he plunged into the sea, and had the good fortune to swim on shore.

THE danger, however, was not so great as the captain had represented it ; the ship held together longer than had been expected, and a calm immediately succeeding, the whole crew were safely landed, and the joyful couple, who had discovered such tenderness, had now an opportunity of reflecting upon the greatness of each other’s love.

I WISH the story had ended here ; but truth demands the rest should be related. For a week or two the enamoured couple enjoyed happiness with-

out

out allay; but soon, as they expected too much from each other, both began to retrench their mutual liberty. First, slight jealousies, proceeding from too much love, brought on complaints, complaints produced coolness; and this was carried at last into sullen silence. From thence it proceeded to recrimination: soon the quarrel was made up: the same circumstances, however, again were repeated; and again produced the same effects: continual recrimination at last brought on studied constraint, and this settled at last in downright hatred. In short, they parted, heartily tired of each other; while the contented James and his wife rubbed through life with much content, and now and then some sparring; entertained their friends comfortably enough, and provided very prettily for a numerous family, which for many years continued increasing.

ESSAY

E S S A Y VII.

I Do not desire to have this letter inserted in your Magazine ; I am conscious of my own incapacity to write what may deserve public attention. I only point out a subject, which I expect to see one day treated by you, in a more engaging manner than what I can pretend to aim at ; I only start a thought, which I leave others to pursue, and describe a situation where my feelings supply the place of eloquence.

I AM old, oppressed with the infirmities of declining age, and doomed to end the miserable remains of life in an obscure country-seat, among servants who hate and despise me, from whom I can receive no help, except by repeated importunity, no pity even in the moments of utmost distress. They have all that detestation for me, which my frequent infirmities are apt to inspire ; they have all that disrespect, which proceeds from their acknowledging another, and not me, for their master. This master, Sir, is no other than my own son : He, He it is who is the thorn in my side, who makes my old age an age of bitterness, who points
all

all my sensations with agony. Even you, Sir, may feel a part of what I endure ; but to know it all, it is necessary that you should have been a father.

It is indeed a misery at my time of life to be rejected by all mankind ; to be in the hands and obliged to the humanity of strangers for succour ; to see no friendly face, no relation, on whom to pillow the soul, and demand assistance from a memory of past kindness. Even such a character is unhappy ; but what is his state to mine, who have a son, a dear, an only son, who yet has forsaken me ! If the rest of mankind behaved with ingratitude, I should not have been displeased ; but when my boy, once the pride of my age, my only pleasure, joins in the universal neglect, when the whole world turns its back upon me, and he among the number ; nothing but the apathy of age, in such a situation, can save me from madness.

He was my only support, my only defence against the approaches of decaying nature ; but then such a resource as I thought nothing could deprive me of, whom neither the favour nor the flattery of others could alter. I loved him in my heart, and, fool that I was, I judged of his affections by my own.

BASE

BASE ungrateful boy ! miserable as I am, yet I cannot cease to love thee. My love even now speaks in my resentment. I am still your father, nor can your usage form my heart anew, nor wipe off the impression which is grounded there. 'Tis true, I am separated from all nature ; nobody knows me now, nobody cares what's become of me. I am alone, disunited from every tranquillity ; the world is to me a desert, yet whom but thee can I justly call upon for redress !

AND yet how have I deserved this treatment from him ? Of six children which I had, he was the only survivor. I was not rich, but then I loved him tenderly, and gave him an education above my fortune or his birth, denying myself even the common necessaries, in order to satisfy my love and ambition. I sent him to Oxford, and, after he had taken the proper degrees there, entered him in the Temple ; and God knows how hardly I lived in the country, while he supported the figure of a gentleman in town. I every day received an account of his rapid progress in the profession ; and I soon perceived that his prudence had acquired the esteem of all his superiors. As his person was elegant, he soon turned himself to the fair sex, and conceived ambitious hopes from an alliance with a lady of a large fortune, whose
father

father had proposed the match. This was an offer that was by no means to be rejected; but as he had no fortune himself, he explained his situation in a letter to me. My whole income consisted in two little estates, one of which had been left me by my father, and the other I had acquired by my own frugality. I was soon persuaded to part with one of them to him, upon this occasion. I went hastily up to town, settled it upon him with the utmost satisfaction, and assisted with an heart dilated with joy at his nuptials.

Soon after his marriage, he quitted the bar for an employment at court; and his wife died in labour of her first child. In her I sustained an irreparable loss. She loved me, and I shall for ever esteem her memory. Five or six months after her decease, my son, upon a certain occasion, wanted a considerable sum of money: he borrowed as far as his credit would go, yet still he wanted more. He had as yet never given me any reason to be displeased with his conduct. I am naturally fond and credulous; I fancied him more solicitous of my repose than his own, and considered, that in case I should make him easy by selling the little estate I had left, it would only be a nominal change, for his fortune would still be mine.

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I THEREFORE sold my last stake, without any previous precautions. I was convinced of his gratitude, and scorned to make it subject even to imputation. The affair was settled privately between ourselves ; the money was employed in pursuance to his designs ; and these succeeded even beyond his expectations.

HE now became rich and powerful, and even his ambition was satisfied. His family now received a new form : he assumed airs of importance. The friends that visited him were of an higher rank than those with whom he was formerly acquainted ; he by insensible degrees disgusted his old intimates, whose company he fancied served only to debase him, and at last he began to grow ashamed even of me.

I SOON perceived the change ; but at first I fancied that I was deceived. I fell sick, and I found that he seldom came to visit me during the course of my disorder : his servants also seemed to neglect me, and this gave me real uneasiness. I desired to see him in my chamber, where he had not been for four days : he came. I complained to him of the little care that was taken of me. " Excuse me, dear Sir," replied he, " but, between ourselves, you are a little peevish of late."—" This," returned I, " is the harshest word I have ever heard escape your lips,

lips, and your answer astonishes me.”—“So then, Sir,” returned he, “you have sent for me here, to quarrel with me too ; there is as much care as possible taken of you, and yet you are continually uneasy. For my part, when your health is restored, I would advise you to go into the country : you will there be less disturbed than here in town ; you can live there as you please ; and may enjoy all the serenity of the air. Beside, the company that visit here are by no means to your taste : I perceive they only make you uneasy ; but in the country you may have as much solitude as you think proper.” Upon expressing himself in this manner, he left the room, while one of the footmen who heard him laughed in my face.

THE behaviour of my son struck me : the footman’s insolence was a dagger to my heart. I now saw what was going to become of me. I saw that I was now a stranger in the house of my own son, and that he and I were actually two different persons. I kept my bed some days after this. At last I had strength to get up. I found myself somewhat better. I dressed myself as well as I was able ; and, hearing the bell ring for dinner, I called for somebody to help me down stairs. I was answered from below, but nobody came up : I endeavoured
therefore

therefore to walk down, supported by my cane; and I was got half-way down, when my son appeared at the dining-room door.

“WHAT are you doing there, Sir?” cried he, in an embarrassed tone. “What fancy has possessed you now? There is a crowd of company below, and I know they must be disagreeable. Are you afraid that you will not have your dinner in your own apartment? Help my father to his own room,” said he, turning to one of the footmen, and then returned back to his company.

THE footman gave me his assistance in returning, observing at the same time, with a familiar air, that I was pretty strong for my age. I returned to my chamber in a state of stupefaction. Finding my disorder return, I called for a glass of wine. It was brought me a quarter of an hour after, with my dinner between two plates. I spent the day in a succession of thoughts more terrible than despair itself. My sighs were mingled with tears: “Where shall I go? (said I): I have nobody in the wide world to go to! All are gone, I am stript of all! My Charles has left me! I have no child, I have no fortune! What keeps me here, in a world that hates me?” I indulged such reflections as these, which

which were every now and then interrupted by the roar of riot which I could plainly hear from the room below.

AT last I resolved, next morning, to leave my son's house, since Hell itself could not be a mansion of greater misery to me. With this design I dressed myself sooner than usual, and was going to leave the house, when my son entered my apartment, with his face over-cast with gloom. "Where, Sir, are you going?" said he, standing at the door thro' which I was to pass.—"I am going" (replied I) "to seek for some charitable hand that will give me a bit of bread, a drop of water, and a welcome reception. "Lord" (returned he) "what whims do men at your age conceive! I suppose you are displeased at what I said yesterday."—"Charles, don't make me unhappy, I am miserable enough already; go, and leave me to solitude and despair. Every word you say is a dagger to my heart, they reach me to the soul."—"Oh! if this be the case," answered he with vivacity, "we shall finish the conversation in a minute. Indeed, Sir, you are in the wrong, and have been often so. You are now in an advanced age; you have always lived in a little country village, and your manner is rustic, narrow, and confined. I am in a pretty situation indeed, when I see the whole company laughing at my father! Do you think such a situation is becoming a man
of

of fortune ? Let us not quarrel about an affair that is extremely plain ; we shall be both very happy afunder. I'll give immediate orders for conducting you to one of my seats in the country. You will there be master, and in your own element : I'll at intervals pay you a visit, and you shall want for nothing. Adieu !”

It was in this manner, Sir, my son and I parted. He left me without seeming in the least concerned, without sympathizing with my agony, or being even moved by my silence, or the tears that flowed down my wrinkled visage. I was supported to the chariot by the servants, almost deprived of reason, and conducted to this frightful solitude from whence I write. Here I have languished for two years, but my son has never come, according to his promise, to see me ; I live without the smallest consolation, and am frequently destitute of even the common necessities of life.

E S S A Y VIII*.

THAT a time of war is a time of parsimony, is a maxim which patriots and senators have had often in their mouths, and which I do not remember ever to have been denied.

I KNOW not whether by the acute enquiries of the present age this opinion has been discovered to be groundless, and is therefore thrown aside among obsolete follies ; or, whether it has happened on this, as on other occasions, that conviction is on one side, and practice on the other ; but so it is, that the war, whatever it has taken from our wealth, has added nothing to our frugality. Every place of splendid pleasure is filled with assemblies, every sale of expensive superfluities is crowded with buyers ; and war has no other effect, than that of enabling us to shew that we can be at once military and luxurious, and pay soldiers and fidlers at the same time.

* December 1760. This Essay was composed previous to, as Essay XXVI. in Vol. I. was written subsequent to the Coronation of their present Majesties in September 1761.

AMONG other changes which time has effected, a new species of profusion has been produced. We are now, with an emulation never known before, outbidding one another for a sight of the Coronation ; the annual rent of palaces is offered for a single room for a single day.

I AM far from desiring to repress curiosity, to which we owe so great a part of our intellectual pleasures ; nor am I hardy enough to oppose the general practice of mankind, so much as to think all pomp or magnificence useless or ridiculous. But all passions have their limits, which they cannot exceed without putting our happiness in danger ; and although a fine show be a fine thing, yet, like other fine things, it may be purchased too dear. All pleasures are valuable in proportion to their greatness and duration : that the pleasure of a show is not of any long continuance, all know, who are now striving for places ; for if a show was long, it would not be rare. This is not the worst : the pleasure while it lasts will be less than is expected. No human performance can rise up to human-ideas. Grandeur is less grand, and finery less fine than it is painted by the fancy. And such is the difference between hope and possession, that, to a great part of the spectators, the show will cease as soon as it appears.

LET me yet not deceive my readers to their disadvantage, or represent the little pleasures of life as less than they are. Those who come to see come likewise to be seen, and will, for many hours before the procession, enjoy the eyes of innumerable gazers. Nor will this be the last or the longest gratification; those who have seen the Coronation, will have whole years of triumph over those who saw it not. They will have an opportunity of amusing their humble friends and rustic acquaintance with narratives, often heard with envy, and often with wonder; and when they hear the youth of the next generation boasting the splendor of any future procession, they will talk with contemptuous superiority of the CORONATION OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

E S S A Y IX.

OF all men who form gay illusions of distant happiness, perhaps a Poet is the most sanguine. Such is the ardour of his hopes, that they often are equal to actual enjoyment ; and he feels more in expectance than actual fruition. I have often regarded a character of this kind with some degree of envy. A man possessed of such warm imagination commands all nature, and arrogates possessions of which the owner has a blunter relish. While life continues, the alluring prospect lies before him ; he travels in the pursuit with confidence, and resigns it only with his last breath.

It is this happy confidence which gives life its true relish, and keeps up our spirits amidst every distress and disappointment. How much less would be done, if a man knew how little he can do ! How wretched a creature would he be, if he saw the end as well as the beginning of his projects !

jects ! He would have nothing left but to sit down in torpid despair, and exchange employment for actual calamity.

I WAS led into this train of thinking upon lately visiting * the beautiful Gardens of the late Mr. SHENSTONE, who was himself a Poet, and possessed of that warm imagination which made him ever foremost in the pursuit of flying happiness. Could he but have foreseen the end of all his schemes, for whom he was improving, and what changes his designs were to undergo, he would have scarcely amused his innocent life with what, for several years, employed him in a most harmless manner, and abridged his scanty fortune. As the progress of this Improvement is a true picture of sublunary vicissitude, I could not help calling up my imagination, which, while I walked pensively along, suggested the following Reverie.

As I was turning my back upon a beautiful piece of water enlivened with cascades and rock-work, and entering a dark walk by which ran a prattling brook, the Genius of the place appeared before me, but more resembling the God of Time than him more peculiarly appointed to the care of Gardens. Instead of sheers he bore a scythe ; and he appeared rather with the implements of husbandry, than those of a modern gar-

* 1773.

dener. Having remembered this place in its pristine beauty, I could not help condoling with him on its present ruinous situation. I spoke to him of the many alterations which had been made, and all for the worse ; of the many shades which had been taken away, of the bowers that were destroyed by neglect, and the hedge-rows that were spoiled by clipping. The Genius with a sigh received my condolment, and assured me, that he was equally a martyr to ignorance and taste, to refinement and rusticity. Seeing me desirous of knowing farther, he went on :

“ You see, in the place before you, the paternal
“ inheritance of a Poet ; and, to a man content with
“ little, fully sufficient for his subsistence : but a
“ strong imagination and a long acquaintance with
“ the rich are dangerous foes to contentment. Our
“ Poet, instead of sitting down to enjoy life, resolved
“ to prepare for its future enjoyment ; and set about
“ converting a place of profit into a scene of pleasure.
“ This he at first supposed could be accomplished at a small expence ; and he was willing,
“ for a while, to stint his income to have an opportunity of displaying his taste. The Improvement in this manner went forward ; one
“ beauty attained led him to wish for some other ;
“ but he still hoped that every emendation would
“ be the last. It was now therefore found, that
“ the Improvement exceeded the subsidy, that the
“ place

“ place was grown too large and too fine for the inhabitant. But that pride which was once exhibited could not retire ; the Garden was made for the owner, and though it was become unfit for him, he could not willingly resign it to another. Thus the first idea of its beauties contributing to the happiness of his life, was found unfaithful ; so that instead of looking within for satisfaction, he began to think of having recourse to the praises of those who came to visit his Improvement.

“ In consequence of this hope which now took possession of his mind, the Gardens were opened to the visits of every stranger ; and the country flocked round to walk, to criticise, to admire, and to do mischief. He soon found, that the admirers of his taste left by no means such strong marks of their applause, as the envious did of their malignity. All the windows of his temples, and the walls of his retreats, were impressed with the characters of prophaneness, ignorance, and obscenity ; his hedges were broken, his statues and urns defaced, and his lawns worn bare. It was now therefore necessary to shut up the Gardens once more, and to deprive the Public of that happiness which had before ceased to be his own.

“ IN this situation, the Poet continued for a
“ time in the character of a jealous lover, fond of
“ the Beauty he keeps, but unable to supply the
“ extravagance of every demand. The Garden,
“ by this time, was completely grown and finished;
“ the marks of art were covered up by the
“ luxuriance of nature; the winding walks were
“ grown dark; the brook assumed a natural
“ sylvage, and the rocks were covered with moss.
“ Nothing now remained but to enjoy the beau-
“ ties of the place, when the poor Poet died, and his
“ Garden was obliged to be sold for the benefit of
“ those who had contributed to its embellish-
“ ment.

“ THE beauties of the place had now, for some
“ time, been celebrated as well in prose as in
“ verse; and all men of taste wished for so envied
“ a spot, where every urn was marked with the
“ Poet’s pencil, and every walk awakened genius
“ and meditation. The first purchaser was one
“ Mr. Truepenny, a button-maker, who was
“ possessed of three thousand pounds, and was
“ willing also to be possessed of taste and genius.

“ As the Poet’s ideas were for the natural wild-
“ nefs of the landscape, the button-maker’s were
“ for the more regular production of art. He
“ con-

“conceived, perhaps, that as it is a beauty in a
“button to be of a regular pattern, so the same
“regularity ought to obtain in a landscape. Be this
“as it will, he employed the sheers to some pur-
“pose ; he clipped up the hedges, cut down the
“gloomy walks, made vistas upon the stables and
“hog-sties, and shewed his friends that a man of
“taste should always be doing.

“THE next candidate for taste and genius was
“a Captain of a ship, who bought the Garden
“because the former possessor could find nothing
“more to mend ; but unfortunately he had taste
“too. His great passion lay in building, in
“making Chinese temples and cage-work sum-
“mer-houses. As the place before had an ap-
“pearance of retirement and inspired meditation,
“he gave it a more peopled air ; every turning
“presented a cottage, or ice-house, or a temple ;
“the Improvement was converted into a little
“city, and it only wanted inhabitants to give it
“the air of a village in the East-Indies.

“IN this manner, in less than ten years, the
“Improvement has gone through the hands of as
“many proprietors, who were all willing to have
“taste, and to shew their taste too. As the place
“had received its best finishing from the hand of
“the first possessor, so every innovator only lent a

“hand to do mischief. Those parts which were
“obscure have been enlightened ; those walks
“which led naturally, have been twisted into ser-
“pentine windings. The colour of the flowers
“of the field is not more various than the variety
“of tastes that have been employed here, and all
“in direct contradiction to the original aim of the
“first improver. Could the original possessor but
“revive, with what a sorrowful heart would he
“look upon his favourite spot again ! He would
“scarcely recollect a Dryad or a Wood-nymph of
“his former acquaintance, and might, perhaps,
“find himself as much a stranger in his own
“plantation as in the deserts of Siberia.”

ESSAY

E S S A Y X.

THE Theatre, like all other amusements, has its Fashions and its Prejudices ; and when fatiated with its excellence, Mankind begin to mistake change for improvement. For some years, Tragedy was the reigning entertainment ; but of late it has entirely given way to Comedy, and our best efforts are now exerted in these lighter kinds of composition. The pompous Train, the swelling Phrase, and the unnatural Rant, are displaced for that natural portrait of Human Folly and Frailty, of which all are judges, because all have sat for the picture.

BUT as in describing Nature it is presented with a double face, either of mirth or sadness, our Modern Writers find themselves at a loss which chiefly to copy from ; and it is now debated, Whether the Exhibition of Human Distress is likely to afford the mind more Entertainment than that of Human Absurdity ?

COMEDY.

COMEDY is defined by Aristotle to be a picture of the Frailties of the Lower Part of Mankind, to distinguish it from Tragedy, which is an exhibition of the Misfortunes of the Great. When Comedy therefore ascends to produce the Characters of Princes or Generals upon the Stage, it is out of its walk, since Low Life and Middle Life are entirely its object. The principal question therefore is, Whether in describing Low or Middle Life, an exhibition of its Follies be not preferable to a detail of its Calamities? Or, in other words, Which deserves the preference? The Weeping Sentimental Comedy, so much in fashion at present *, or the Laughing and even Low Comedy, which seems to have been last exhibited by Vanburgh and Cibber?

If we apply to authorities, all the Great Masters in the Dramatic Art have but one opinion. Their rule is, That as Tragedy displays the Calamities of the Great; so Comedy should excite our laughter by ridiculously exhibiting the Follies of the Lower Part of Mankind. Boileau, one of the best modern Critics, asserts, that Comedy will not admit of Tragic Distress:

*Le Comique, ennemi des soupirs et des pleurs,
N'admet point dans ses vers de tragiques douleurs.*

* 1773.

Nor

Nor is this rule without the strongest foundation in Nature, as the distresses of the Mean by no means affect us so strongly as the Calamities of the Great. When Tragedy exhibits to us some Great Man fallen from his height, and struggling with want and adversity, we feel his situation in the same manner as we suppose he himself must feel, and our pity is increased in proportion to the height from whence he fell. On the contrary, we do not so strongly sympathize with one born in humbler circumstances, and encountering accidental distress : so that while we melt for Belisarius, we scarce give halfpence to the Beggar who accosts us in the street. The one has our pity ; the other our contempt. Distress, therefore, is the proper object of Tragedy, since the Great excite our pity by their fall ; but not equally so of Comedy, since the Actors employed in it are originally so mean, that they sink but little by their fall.

SINCE the first origin of the Stage, Tragedy and Comedy have run in distinct channels, and never till of late encroached upon the provinces of each other. Terence, who seems to have made the nearest approaches, always judiciously stops short before he comes to the downright pathetic ; and yet he is even reproached by Cæsar for wanting the *Vis Comica*. All the other Comic Writers

of antiquity aim only at rendering Folly or Vice ridiculous, but never exalt their Characters into buskined pomp, or make what Voltaire humourously calls a *Tradesman's Tragedy*.

YET, notwithstanding this weight of authority, and the universal practice of former ages, a new species of Dramatic Composition has been introduced under the name of *Sentimental Comedy*, in which the Virtues of Private Life are exhibited, rather than the Vices exposed; and the Distresses rather than the Faults of Mankind make our interest in the piece. These Comedies have had of late great success, perhaps from their novelty, and also from their flattering every man in his favourite foible. In these Plays almost all the Characters are good, and exceedingly generous; they are lavish enough of their *Tin Money* on the Stage; and though they want Humour, have abundance of Sentiment and Feeling. If they happen to have Faults or Foibles, the Spectator is taught not only to pardon, but to applaud them, in consideration of the goodness of their hearts; so that Folly, instead of being ridiculed, is commended, and the Comedy aims at touching our Passions without the power of being truly pathetic. In this manner we are likely to lose one great source of Entertainment on the Stage; for while the Comic Poet

Poet is invading the province of the Tragic Muse, he leaves her lovely Sister quite neglected. Of this, however, he is no way solicitous, as he measures his fame by his profits.

BUT it will be said, that the Theatre is formed to amuse Mankind, and that it matters little, if this end be answered, by what means it is obtained. If Mankind find delight in weeping at Comedy, it would be cruel to abridge them in that or any other innocent pleasure. If those pieces are denied the name of Comedies ; yet call them by any other name, and if they are delightful, they are good. Their success, it will be said, is a mark of their merit, and it is only abridging our happiness to deny us an inlet to Amusement.

THESE objections, however, are rather specious than solid. It is true, that Amusement is a great object of the Theatre ; and it will be allowed, that these Sentimental Pieces do often amuse us : but the question is, Whether the True Comedy would not amuse us more ? The question is, Whether a Character supported throughout a Piece with its ridicule still attending, would not give us more delight than this species of Bastard Tragedy, which only is applauded because it is new ?

A FRIEND

A FRIEND of mine, who was sitting unmoved at one of these Sentimental Pieces, was asked how he could be so indifferent. "Why, truly," says he, "as the Hero is but a Tradesman, it is indifferent to me whether he be turned out of his Counting-house on Fish-street Hill, since he will still have enough left to open shop in St. Giles's."

THE other objection is as ill-grounded ; for though we should give these Pieces another name, it will not mend their efficacy. It will continue a kind of *muleish* production, with all the defects of its opposite parents, and marked with sterility. If we are permitted to make Comedy weep, we have an equal right to make Tragedy laugh, and to set down in Blank Verse the Jest and Repartees of all the Attendants in a Funeral Procession.

BUT there is one argument in favour of Sentimental Comedy which will keep it on the Stage, in spite of all that can be said against it. It is, of all others, the most easily written. Those abilities that can hammer out a Novel, are fully sufficient for the production of a Sentimental Comedy. It is only sufficient to raise the Characters a little ; to deck out the Hero with a Ribband ; or give the Heroine a Title ; then to put an Insipid Dialogue, without Character or Humour, into their mouths, give

give them mighty good hearts, very fine cloaths, furnish a new set of Scenes, make a Pathetic Scene or two, with a sprinkling of tender melancholy Conversation through the whole, and there is no doubt but all the Ladies will cry, and all the Gentlemen applaud.

HUMOUR at present seems to be departing from the Stage; and it will soon happen, that our Comic Players will have nothing left for it but a fine Coat and a Song. It depends upon the Audience, whether they will actually drive those poor Merry Creatures from the Stage, or sit at a Play as gloomy as at the Tabernacle. It is not easy to recover an art when once lost; and it will be but a just punishment, that when, by our being too fastidious, we have banished Humour from the Stage, we should ourselves be deprived of the art of Laughing*.

* The following "DEFENCE of TRAGICOMEDY, with "Some THOUGHTS on the BURLESQUE," was written by Dr. KENRICK in Answer to the above Essay; and we trust that its introduction in this place will not prove unpleasant to the reader.

"IN the first Number of your entertaining compilation you gave your readers an "Essay on the Theatre;" in which the total separation of *Tragedy* and *Comedy* in the same composition

sition is most strenuously insisted upon, and the poor sentimental drama, or (as the French call it) *La Comedie Larmoyante*, is severely handled indeed. As the writer's arguments, however, did not convince me of the justice of his decision, I was revolving in my mind the contrary examples of Shakespeare and Dryden, to combat your Correspondent's theory. I was the more confirmed in my approbation of these examples, from going the other night to see the play of Hamlet, at lately altered by Mr. Garrick ; which, notwithstanding his inimitable acting (and I had never seen him in that character before), gave me much less satisfaction than I have often felt at the representation of that favourite play.

" THE Essayist appears, indeed, to have contemplated his subject but in a superficial point of view, from his saying, that " Since the first origin of the Stage, Tragedy and Comedy have run in distinct channels, and never till of late " encroached on the province of each other." Does he mean to include Shakespeare, the great father of the English drama, among those who have written *of late* ? or, Would he insinuate that Dryden, who hath given sanction to Tragicomedy by his admirable play of " The Spanish Friar," wanted judgement or taste for dramatic compositions ? But I need not controvert the opinion of this Writer on my own ground, as I can so readily call to my aid the authority of one of the first Critics of the age. " Shakespeare (says he) has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow, not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

" THAT this is a practice contrary to the rules of Criticism will be readily allowed ; but there is always an appeal open from Criticism to Nature. The end of writing is to instruct ;

the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of Tragedy or Comedy cannot be denied ; because it includes both in its alterations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by shewing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system, by unavoidable concatenation.

“ It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatic poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true, even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred ; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another ; that different auditors have different habitudes ; and that, upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.”

“ THE ACTORS who gave Shakespear's plays the names of Tragedies and Comedies have not very nicely distinguished the difference.—An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion constituted a Comedy. This idea of a Comedy continued long amongst us ; and plays were written which, by changing the catastrophe, were Tragedies to-day and Comedies to-morrow.

“ TRAGEDY

“ TRAGEDY was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than Comedy ; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.”

“ THROUGH all the denominations of the drama Shakespeare’s mode of composition is the same ; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence of emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose : as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

“ WHEN Shakespeare’s plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of Hamlet is opened, without impropriety, by two sentinels : Iago bellows at Brabantio’s window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure ; the character of Polonius is reasonable and useful ; and the Grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause.”

WHEN I add, that these are the sentiments of the celebrated Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, and that their propriety is confirmed by the usual admiration in which the plays of Shakespeare are still held, I may safely leave the decision of this dispute to the reader.

It is with more justice that the Essayist laments the banishment of the *Vis Comica* from the Stage in general.

“ HAMLET”

"*Humour* (he says) seems at present to be departing from the "Stage." The complaint is too true ; and the reason of it seems to be, that the present race of Play-house Critics hardly know what *Humour* is. One would have thought, that the keen and apposite ridicule with which the author of " Joseph Andrews" attacked the herd of clerks and 'prentices, who affect to decry every thing that is *low*, might have silenced the impertinence of such ignorant declaimers : but the impudence of ignorance is not to be silenced ; and the Classical Few, to their mortification, are forced to submit to the most barbarous mutilations of the Comic Drama, and to see the most exquisite effusions of wit and humour sacrificed at the shrine of Gothic stupidity.

THE *Burlesque* affords an inexhaustible fund of humour. It is yet so little understood by the vulgar, both great and small, as to meet with constant opposition on the Stage. It consists of two species ; the one, that in which mean and common subjects are ludicrously invested with the trappings of affected dignity, as in the " Rape of the Lock" of Pope, and the " Tom Thumb" of Fielding ; the other, that in which lofty and sublime subjects are clothed in the garb and stile of the vulgar ; as in Cotton's " Travestie of Virgil," and the " Midas" of O'Hara. It is not, therefore, on account of the meanness of the subject, or the ludicrous vulgarity of its dress, that productions of this kind are reprehensible ; on the contrary, it is in this disparity between the style and the subject that the ridicule, and consequently the humour, of the piece consists.

THE misfortune, indeed, is, that the authors of such productions do not themselves sufficiently distinguish between what is *low* or *vulgar*, and what is *indecent* or *profane* :

Immodest words admit of no defence ;
And want of decency is want of sense.

But

But true Humour, however distantly it may seem related, is the genuine offspring of Good-sense ; and as there can be nothing really ridiculous in true decorum, so there can be nothing truly humourous in immorality.—Would our O'Haras make this distinction, it is possible the Town might by degrees be brought to relish this species of composition, without requiring such fatal defalcations. But, as it is, the public taste is the less to be censured : for, though obscenity and profaneness be vulgar, vulgarity need not be either profane or obscene.

E S S A Y XI.

IT has often been a question in the Schools, Whether it be preferable to be a King by day, and a Beggar in our dreams by night; or, inverting the question, a Beggar by day, and a Monarch while sleeping? It has been usually decided, that the sleeping Monarch was the happiest man, since he is supposed to enjoy all his happiness without contamination; while the Monarch in reality, feels the various inconveniences that attend his station.

HOWEVER this may be, there are none sure more miserable than those who enjoy neither situation with any degree of comfort, but feel all the inconveniences of want and poverty by day, while they find a repetition of their misery in a dream. Of this kind was the famous CYRILLO PADOVANO, of whom a long life has been written; a man, if I may so express it, of a double character, who acted a very different part by night from what he professed in the day.

CYRILLO

CYRILLO was a native of Padua, in Italy, a little brown-complexioned man, and, while awake, remarkable for his simplicity, probity, piety, and candour ; but, unfortunately for him, his dreams were of the strongest kind, and seemed to overturn the whole system of waking morality ; for he every night walked in his sleep, and upon such occasions was a thief, a robber, and a plunderer of the dead.

THE first remarkable exploit we are told of Cyrillo was at the University, where he shewed no great marks of learning, though some of assiduity. Upon a certain occasion his master set him a very long and difficult exercise, which Cyrillo found it impossible, as he supposed, to execute. Depressed with this opinion, and in certain expectation of being chastised the next day, he went to bed quite dejected and uneasy : but awaking in the morning, to his great surprize he found his exercise completely and perfectly finished, lying upon his table, and, still more extraordinary ! written in his own hand. This information he communicated to his master when he gave up his task, who, being equally astonished with him, resolved to try him the next day with a longer and more difficult task, and to watch him at night when he retired to rest. Accordingly, Cyrillo was seen going to bed with great uneasiness, and soon was heard to sleep profoundly : but this did not continue long ; for in
about

about an hour after he lay down, he got up, lighted his candle, and sat down to study, where he completed his work as before.

A MIND like Cyrillo's, not naturally very strong, and never at rest, began, when he arrived at manhood, to become gloomy, solicitous, and desponding. In consequence of this turn of thinking, he resolved to leave the world, and turn Carthusian, which is the most rigorous of all the Religious Orders. Formed for a severe and abstermious life, he was here seen to set lessons of piety to the whole Convent, and to shew that he deserved the approbation as well of his fellows in seclusion as of the whole Order. But this good fame did not last long; for it was soon found that Cyrillo walked by night, and, as we are told of the fabled Penelope, undid in his sleep all the good actions for which he had been celebrated by day. The first pranks he played were of a light nature, very little more than running about from chamber to chamber, and talking a little more loosely than became one of his professed piety. As it is against the rules of the fraternity to confine any man by force to his cell, he was permitted in this manner to walk about; and though there was nothing very edifying in his sleeping conversation, yet the Convent were content to overlook and pity his infirmities.

BEING

BEING carefully observed upon one of these occasions, the following circumstances offered. One evening, having fallen asleep on his chair in his cell, he continued immoveable for about an hour ; but then turning about in the attitude of a listener, he laughed heartily at what he thought he heard spoken ; then snapping his fingers, to shew he did not value the speaker, he turned towards the next person, and made a sign with his fingers as if he wanted snuff : not being supplied, he seemed a little disconcerted ; and pulling out his own box, in which there was nothing, he scraped the inside, as if to find some : he next very carefully put up his box again ; and looking round him with great suspicion, buttoned up the place of his frock where he kept it. In this manner he continued for some time immoveable ; but, without any seeming cause, flew into a most outrageous passion, in which he spared neither oaths nor execrations, which so astonished and scandalized his brother Friars, that they left him to execrate alone.

BUT it had been well if poor Cyrillo had gone no farther, nor driven his sleeping extravagances into guilt. One night he was perceived going very busily up to the altar, and in a little beaufet beneath to rummage with some degree of assiduity. It is supposed that he wished to steal the plate
which

which had accidentally been sent off the day before to be cleaned. Disappointed in this, he seemed to be extremely enraged; but not caring to return to his cell empty-handed, he claps on one of the official silk vestments; and finding that he could carry still more, he put on one or two more over each other; and thus cumbrously accoutred, he stole off with a look of terror to his cell: there hiding his ill-got finery beneath his matrafs, he laid himself down to continue his nap. Those who had watched him during this interval, were willing to see his manner of behaving the morning after.

WHEN Cyrillo awaked, he seemed at first a good deal surpris'd at the lump in the middle of his bed; and going to examine the cause, was still more astonished at the quantity of vestments that were bundled there: he went among his fellows of the Convent, enquired how they came to be placed there, and learning the manner from them, nothing could exceed his penitence and contrition.

His last and greatest project was considered of a still more heinous nature. A Lady who had long been a benefactor to the Convent, happening to die, was desirous of being buried in the cloyster, in a vault which she had made for that purpose. It was there that she was laid, adorned with much

VOL. II. E finery,

finery, and a part of her own jewels, of which she had great abundance. The solemnity attending her funeral was magnificent, the expences great, and the sermon affecting. In all this pomp of grief, none seemed more affected than Cyrillo, or set an example of sincerer mortification. The society considered the deposition of their benefactress among them as a very great honour, and masses in abundance were promised for her safety. But what was the amazement of the whole Convent the next day, when they found the vault in which she was deposited broke open, the body mangled, her fingers on which were some rings cut off, and all her finery carried away. Every person in the Convent was shocked at such barbarity, and Cyrillo was one of the foremost in condemning the sacrilege. However, shortly after, on going to his cell, having occasion to examine under his matrafs, he there found that he alone was the guiltless plunderer. The Convent was soon made acquainted with his misfortune; and, at the general request of the fraternity, he was removed to another monastery; where the Prior had a power, by right, of confining his conventuals. Thus debarred from doing mischief, Cyrillo led the remainder of his life in piety and peace.

E S S A Y XII.

AS I see you are fond of gallantry, and seem willing to set young people together as soon as you can, I cannot help lending my assistance to your endeavours, as I am greatly concerned in the attempt. You must know, Sir, that I am landlady of one of the most noted inns on the road to Scotland, and have seldom less than eight or ten couples a-week, who go down rapturous lovers, and return man and wife.

If there be in this world an agreeable situation, it must be that in which a young couple find themselves, when just let loose from confinement, and whirling off to the Land of Promise. When the post-chaise is driving off, and the blinds are drawn up, sure nothing can equal it. And yet, I do not know how, what with the fears of being pursued, or the wishes for greater happiness, not one of my customers but seems gloomy and out of temper. The gentlemen are all sullen, and the ladies discontented.

BUT if it be so going down, how is it with them coming back? Having been for a fortnight together, they are then mighty good company, to be sure. It is then that the young lady's indiscretion stares her in the face, and the gentleman himself finds that much is to be done before the money comes in.

FOR my own part, Sir, I was married in the usual way; all my friends were at the wedding; I was conducted with great ceremony from the table to the bed; and I do not find that it any ways diminished my happiness with my husband, while, poor man, he continued with me. For my part, I am entirely for doing things in the old family way; I hate your new-fashioned manners, and never loved an outlandish marriage in my life.

As I have had numbers call at my house, you may be sure I was not idle in enquiring who they were, and how they did in the world after they left me. I cannot say that I ever heard much good come of them; and, of an history of twenty-five that I noted down in my ledger, I do not know a single couple that would not have been full as happy if they had gone the plain way to work, and asked the consent of their parents. To

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convince you of it, I will mention the names of a few, and refer the rest to some fitter opportunity.

IMPRIMIS, Miss JENNY HASTINGS went down to Scotland with a taylor, who, to be sure, for a taylor, was a very agreeable sort of man. But, I do not know how, he did not take proper measure of the young lady's disposition: they quarrelled at my house on their return; so she left him for a cornet of dragoons, and he went back to his shop-board.

MISS RACHEL RUNFORT went off with a grenadier. They spent all their money going down; so that he carried her down in a post-chaise, and coming back she helped to carry his knapsack.

MISS RACKET went down with her lover in their own phaeton; but upon their return, being very fond of driving, she would be every now and then for holding the whip. This bred a dispute; and before they were a fortnight together, she felt that he could exercise the whip on somebody else besides the horses.

MISS MEEKLY, though all compliance to the will of her lover, could never reconcile him to the change of his situation. It seems, he married her

supposing she had a large fortune; but being deceived in his expectations, they parted; and they now keep separate garrets in Rosemary-lane.

THE next couple of whom I have any account, actually lived together in great harmony and uncloying kindness for no less than a month; but the lady, who was a little in years, having parted with her fortune to her dearest life, he left her to make love to that better part of her which he valued more.

THE next pair consisted of an Irish fortune-hunter, and one of the prettiest modestest ladies that ever my eyes beheld. As he was a well-looking gentleman, all dressed in lace, and as she seemed very fond of him, I thought they were blest for life. Yet, I was quickly mistaken. The lady was no better than a common woman of the town, and he was no better than a sharper; so they agreed upon a mutual divorce: he now dresses at the York Ball, and she is in keeping by the Member for our Borough in Parliament.

IN this manner, we see that all those marriages, in which there is interest on one side and disobedience on the other, are not likely to promise a long harvest of delights. If our fortune-hunting gentlemen would but speak out, the young lady, instead

instead of a lover, would often find a sneaking rogue, that only wanted the lady's purse, and not her heart. For my own part, I never saw any thing but design and falsehood in every one of them ; and my blood has boiled in my veins when I saw a young fellow of twenty kneeling at the feet of a twenty thousand pounder, professing his passion, while he was taking aim at her money. I do not deny but there may be love in a Scotch marriage, but it is generally all on one side.

OF all the sincere admirers I ever knew, a man of my acquaintance, who, however, did not run away with his mistress to Scotland, was the most so. An old exciseman of our town, who, as you may guess, was not very rich, had a daughter, who, as you shall see, was not very handsome. It was the opinion of every body, that this young woman would not soon be married, as she wanted two main articles, beauty and fortune. But for all this, a very well-looking man, that happened to be travelling those parts, came and asked the exciseman for his daughter in marriage. The exciseman, willing to deal openly by him, asked if he had seen the girl ; " for," says he, " she is hump-backed." " Very well," cried the stranger, " that will do for me." " Aye," says the exciseman, " but

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"my daughter is as brown as a berry." "So much
"the better," cried the stranger; "such skins
"wear well." "But she is bandy-legged," says the
exciseman. "No matter," cries the other;
"her petticoats will hide that defect." "But then
"she is very poor, and wants an eye." "Your
"description delights me," cries the stranger: "I
"have been long looking out for one of her
"make; for I keep an exhibition of wild beasts,
"and intend to shew her off for a Chimpanzee."

ESSAY

E S S A Y XIII.

MANKIND have ever been prone to expatiate in the praise of human nature. The dignity of man is a subject that has always been the favourite theme of humanity; they have declaimed with that ostentation, which usually accompanies such as are sure of having a partial audience; they have obtained victories, because there were none to oppose. Yet from all I have ever read or seen, men appear more apt to err by having too high than by having too despicable an opinion of their nature; and by attempting to exalt their original place in the creation, depress their real value in society.

THE most ignorant nations have always been found to think most highly of themselves. The Deity has ever been thought peculiarly concerned in their glory and preservation; to have fought their battles, and inspired their teachers: their wizards are said to be familiar with heaven; and every hero has a guard of angels as well as men to

attend him. When the Portuguese first came among the wretched inhabitants of the coast of Africa, these savage nations readily allowed the strangers more skill in navigation and war; yet still considered them, at best, but as useful servants brought to their coast, by their guardian Serpent, to supply them with luxuries they could have lived without. Though they could grant the Portuguese more riches, they could never allow them to have such a King as their Tottimon-delem, who wore a bracelet of shells round his neck, and whose legs were covered with ivory.

IN this manner, examine a savage in the history of his country and predecessors; you ever find his warriors able to conquer armies, and his sages acquainted with more than possible knowledge: human nature is to him an unknown country; he thinks it capable of great things, because he is ignorant of its boundaries; whatever can be conceived to be done he allows to be possible, and whatever is possible he conjectures must have been done. He never measures the actions and powers of others by what himself is able to perform, nor makes a proper estimate of the greatness of his fellows by bringing it to the standard of his own capacity. He is satisfied to be one of a country where mighty things have been; and imagines
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the fancied power of others reflects a lustre on himself. Thus, by degrees, he loses the idea of his own insignificance in a confused notion of the extraordinary powers of humanity, and is willing to grant extraordinary gifts to every pretender, because unacquainted with their claims.

THIS is the reason, why demi-gods and heroes have ever been erected in times or countries of ignorance and barbarity : they addressed a people who had high opinions of human nature, because they were ignorant how far it could extend ; they addressed a people who were willing to allow that men should be gods, because they were yet imperfectly acquainted with God and with man. These impostors knew, that all men are naturally fond of seeing something very great made from the little materials of humanity ; that ignorant nations are not more proud of building a tower to reach Heaven, or a pyramid to last for ages, than of raising up a demi-god of their own country and creation. The same pride that erects a colossus or a pyramid installs a god or an hero : but though the adoring savage can raise his colossus to the clouds, he can exalt the hero not one inch above the standard of humanity ; incapable therefore of exalting the idol, he debases himself, and falls prostrate before him.

WHEN man has thus acquired an erroneous idea of the dignity of his species, he and the gods become perfectly intimate; men are but angels, angels are but men, nay but servants that stand in waiting to execute human commands. The Persians, for instance, thus address their prophet Haly: "I salute thee, glorious Creator, of whom
"the sun is but the shadow. Master-piece of the
"lord of human creatures, great star of justice
"and religion, the sea is not rich and liberal,
"but by the gifts of thy munificent hands. The
"angel treasurer of heaven reaps his harvest in
"the fertile gardens of the purity of thy nature.
"The *primum mobile* would never dart the ball
"of the sun through the trunk of heaven, were
"it not to serve the morning out of the extreme
"love she has for thee. The angel Gabriel, messenger of truth, every day kisses the groundsel
"of thy gate. Were there a place more exalted
"than the most high throne of God, I would
"affirm it to be thy place, O master of the faithful! Gabriel, with all his art and knowledge,
"is but a mere scholar to thee." Thus, my friend, men think proper to treat angels; but if indeed there be such an order of beings, with what a degree of satirical contempt must they listen to the songs of little mortals thus flattering
each

each other ! thus to see creatures, wiser indeed than the monkey, and more active than the oyster, claiming to themselves a mastery of heaven ! minims, the tenants of atom, thus arrogating a partnership in the creation of universal nature ! Sure heaven is kind that launches no thunder at those guilty heads : but it is kind, and regards their follies with pity, nor will destroy creatures that it loved into being.

BUT whatever success this practice of making demi-gods might have been attended with in barbarous nations, I do not know that any man became a god in a country where the inhabitants were refined. Such countries generally have too close an inspection into human weakness to think it invested with celestial power. They sometimes indeed admit the gods of strangers, or of their ancestors, which had their existence in times of obscurity ; their weakness being forgotten, while nothing but their power and their miracles were remembered. The Chinese, for instance, never had a god of their own country ; the idols which the vulgar worship at this day, were brought from the barbarous nations around them. The Roman Emperors, who pretended to divinity, were generally taught by a poignard that they
were

were mortal ; and Alexander, though he passed among barbarous countries for a real god, could never persuade his polite countrymen into a similitude of thinking. The Lacedæmonians shrewdly complied with his commands by the following sarcastic edict : Εἰ Ἀλεξάνδρῳ; βελεταὶ ἰν' αὐτῷ Θεοῖ, Θεοῖ; βέλ.

ESSAY

E S S A Y XIV.

WHEN we turn our eyes to that variety of beings endued with life which share with us the globe we inhabit, we shall find that quadrupeds demand the foremost place. The similitude between the structure of their bodies and our own, those instincts which they seem to enjoy in a superior degree to the other classes that live in air or water, their constant services to man, or the unceasing enmity they bear him, all render them the foremost objects of his curiosity, the most interesting part of animated nature.

In the first ages of the world it is probable, that all living creatures were nearer an equality than at present. Man, while yet savage himself, was but ill qualified to civilize the forest. While yet naked, unarmed, and without shelter, every wild beast was a formidable rival, and the destruction of such was the first employment of heroes. But when he began to multiply, and arts to accumulate, he soon cleared the plain of its brute inhabitants ;

habitants ; he soon established an empire over all the orders of animated nature ; a part was taken under his protection and care, while the rest found a precarious refuge in the burning desert of the howling wilderness.

THE most obvious and simple division therefore of quadrupedes is into the domestic and savage. By domestic, I mean such as man has taken into friendship, or reduced to obedience : by the savage, those who still preserve their natural independence and ferocity ; who either oppose force by force, or find safety in swiftness or cunning.

THE savage animal preserves at once his liberty and instinct ; but man seems to have changed the very nature of domestic animals by cultivation and care. A domestic animal is a slave, which has few other desires but those which man is willing to grant it. Humble, patient, resigned, and attentive, it fills up the duties assigned, ready for labour, and content with subsistence.

BUT not only its native liberty, but its very figure, is changed by the arts and industry of man. What an immense variety in the ordinary race of dogs, or horses ! what a difference between the large English mastiff and the small Spanish lap-dog ! yet the whole has been effected by the na-

ture

ture of the climate and food, seconded by the industry of men, in continuing the species without mixture.

As in external figure they bear evident marks of human cultivation, so there is also some difference in the internal structure of their bodies. The stomach of the domestic animal is not usually so large ; for such receiving food at certain and expected intervals, and that but by little at a time, this intestine seems to contract to its contents, and fits the animal for the life it is obliged to lead.

THUS we, in some measure, see nature under a continual restraint in those creatures we have taught to live about us ; but it is otherwise when we come to examine the savage tenants of the forest or the wilderness : there every species preserves its characteristic form, and is strongly impressed with the instincts and appetites of nature. The more remote from the tyranny of mankind, the greater seems their sagacity. The beavers, in those distant solitudes where men have rarely passed, exert all the arts of architects and citizens ; they build neater habitations than even the rational inhabitants of those countries can shew, and obey a more regular discipline than ever man could boast : but as soon as man intrudes upon their society, their

their spirit of industry and wisdom ceases ; they no longer exert their social arts, but become patient and dull, as if to fit them for a state of servitude.

BUT not only their industry, but their courage also is repressed by the vicinity of man. The lion of the deserts of Nubia, that has been only taught to measure his strength with weaker animals, and accustomed to conquer, is possessed of amazing courage : instead of avoiding man, as other animals are found to do, he attacks whole caravans crossing the Desert, and, when overpowered, retires still facing the enemy. But the lion of Morocco, which is a more populous country, seems to acknowledge a superiority, and is even scared away by the cries of women and children.

WHEREVER man approaches, the savage beasts retire ; and it is thought, not without some share of reason, that many species of animals had once birth which are now totally extinct. The elk, for instance, which we are certain was once a native of Europe, is now no longer, except in Canada. Those monstrous bones of the mahmout, as the Siberians call an animal which must have been at least four times as big as the elephant, which are dug up in that country, and which by no means

means belong to the whale, as has been falsely imagined, may serve to convince us, that there were once animals existing which have been totally extirpated. The Histories of Aristotle and Pliny serve to confirm us in this opinion; for in them we find descriptions which have not their archetypes in the present state of nature.

It is in the forest therefore, and remote from man, that we must expect to find those varieties, instincts, and amazing instances of courage and cunning, which quadrupedes exert in a very high degree. Their various methods of procuring subsistence may well attract our admiration; and their peculiar conformation for the life in which they find greatest pleasure is not less surprizing. The rapacious animal is in every respect formed for war; yet the various kinds make their incursions in very different ways. The lion and tyger pursue their prey by the view alone, and for this purpose they have a most piercing sight; others hunt by scent, while some lie in wait and seize whatever comes near them, or they are able to overpower.

THE teeth of carnivorous animals differ in every respect from those which feed upon vegetables. In the latter they seem entirely designed for gathering

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thering and comminuting their simple food ; but in the rapacious kinds, for holding and tearing their prey. In the one, the teeth serve as grinding-stones ; in the other, as weapons of offence. In both, however, the surfaces of the grinding teeth are unequal, with cavities and risings, which fit each other when the jaws are brought into contact. These inequalities serve the better to grind and comminute their food ; but they grow smoother with age, which is the reason why old animals take a longer time to chew their food than those in the vigour of life.

THE legs and feet of quadrupedes are admirably suited to the motion and exercises of each animal. In some they are made for strength only, and to support a vast unwieldy body, as in the elephant, the rhinoceros, and the sea-horse, whose feet in some measure resemble pillars. Deer, hares, and other creatures that are remarkable for swiftness, have their's slender, yet nervous. The feet of some serve for swimming, as the otter and beaver : the toes of these animals are joined together with membranes like those of geese and ducks ; which is a sufficient demonstration that they are designed to live in water as well as on land ; though the toes of the fore feet of the beaver are not thus united, because they use them as hands. The feet

feet of some are made for walking and digging, of which the mole is a remarkable instance ; and others for walking and flying, as the bat. The legs of some are weak, and of others stiff and strong, that they may traverse the ice with less danger. The common goat, whose natural habitation is on the rocks and mountains, has legs of this kind, and the hoof is hollow underneath, with sharp edges ; so that when become domestic, it will walk as securely on the top of a house as on level ground. Many are shod with rough and hard hoofs, of which some are whole, and others are cloven : some again have only a callous skin, and these are composed of toes, which supply the place of hands, as in all of the monkey kind. Many have only short nails, for their more ready and safe running or walking ; while others have sharp and strong talons, as the lion, and most ravenous beasts, to destroy their prey.

THE heads of quadrupedes also differ greatly from each other ; for in some they are square and large, suitable to their slow motion, food, and abode ; in others slender and sharp, the better to fit them for turning up the earth, of which a hog is an instance. Some quadrupedes have long necks, and not very strong, serving chiefly to carry their mouths to the ground in order to feed ; in
 others

others they are shorter, brawny, and strong, as in moles and hogs, thereby the better to turn up its surface ; while, in general, the quadrupedes that feed upon grafs are enabled to hold down their heads, by a strong tendinous ligament, that runs from the head to the middle of their back ; by the help of which the head, though heavy, may be held down a long while, without any labour, pain, or uneasiness to the muscles of the neck.

THE stomach is generally proportioned to the quality of the animal's food : those who live upon flesh, and such nourishing substances, have it small and glandular, affording such juices as are best adapted to digest and macerate its contents. On the contrary, ruminating animals, or such as chew the cud, who feed entirely upon vegetables, have four stomachs, all which serve as so many laboratories to prepare and turn their simple food into proper nutriment. In Africa, however, where the plants afford greater nourishment than in our temperate climate, several animals, which with us have four, are there found to have but two. But in all, the difference in the manner of living seems to arise from the internal conformation ; and each animal lives upon food more or less nourishing in proportion to the size of its intestines which are to digest it.

IN general, whatever be the food, nature seems finely to have fitted the creature for procuring it, tho' never without a proper exertion of its strength or industry. Large animals of the forest, such as the elephant and lion, want swiftness, and a distinguishing scent for catching their prey, but have strength to overcome it; others, who want strength, such as the wolf and the fox, make it up by their cunning; and those to whom nature has denied both strength and speed, as the hound and the jackall, follow by the smell, and at last overtake their prey by perseverance. Thus each species seems only possessed of one talent in perfection, so that the power of destruction in one class may not be greater than the power to escape in another.

FEW wild animals seek their prey in the day-time, but about night the whole forest echoes with a variety of different howlings: that of the lion resembles distant thunder; the tyger and leopard's notes are something more shrill, but yet more hideous; while the jackall, pursuing by his scent, barks somewhat like a dog, and hunts in a pack in the same manner. Nor is it uncommon for the strongest animals to follow where they hear this cry begun; and when the jackall has hunted down the prey, to come in and monopolize

lize the spoil. It is this which has given rise to the report of that little animal's being the lion's provider ; but in fact, the jackall hunts for himself alone, and the lion is an unwelcome intruder upon the fruits of his industry.

THIS is a common method with larger animals, yet their most usual way is to hide and crouch near some path frequented by their prey, or some water where cattle come to drink, and, with a bound, seize them instantly. The lion is said to leap twenty feet at a spring ; and, if we can credit father Tachard, the tyger goes still farther. However, notwithstanding this surprizing force, it would often happen that they might perish for want of food, had not nature endowed them with an amazing power of sustaining hunger for a long time ; for as their subsistence is precarious, their appetites are complying. When once they have seized their prey, they devour it in the most voracious manner, often bones and all, and then retire to their retreats, continuing inactive till the calls of hunger again excite their courage and industry. But as all their methods of pursuit are counteracted by their prey with all the arts of evasion, in this manner they often continue to range without success, supporting a life of famine and fatigue for eight or ten days successively. Beasts of prey
seldom

" that he continued for some time as if insensible;
 " but the instant he was let loose, he flew at the
 " elephant with a hideous howl, and attempted to
 " seize him by the trunk: this the elephant art-
 " fully evaded then by wrinkling in his trunk, and,
 " receiving his antagonist upon his armour, he in
 " the most dexterous manner flung him up into
 " the air. This served entirely to intimidate the
 " tyger, who durst no longer face him, but made
 " many efforts to escape; now and then trying to fly
 " up at the spectators, but the three elephants now
 " beginning to press him, struck him such terrible
 " blows, that they would soon have dispatched
 " him, had not the signal been given for finishing
 " the combat."

BUT, to have a more distinct idea of the life of
 a beast of prey, let us turn to one among the
 number, the wolf, for instance, and view him in
 his native deserts. With the most insatiable appe-
 tite for animal food, Nature seems to have granted
 him the most various means of satisfying it. Pos-
 sessed of strength, agility, and cunning, he seems
 fitted for finding, overcoming, and devouring his
 prey; yet, for all this, the wolf often dies of
 hunger, for he is the declared enemy of man. Be-
 ing thus proscribed, he is obliged to frequent the
 most solitary part of the forest, where his prey too
 often

often escapes him, either by swiftness or cunning, so that he is most frequently indebted to hazard alone for subsistence. He remains lurking whole days in those places where the lesser animals most frequently pass, till at last becoming desperate through want, and courageous through necessity, he ventures forth to attack such animals as have taken refuge under the protection of man; he therefore falls in among the fold, destroys all he meets, kills merely from a pleasure in slaughter; and, if this succeeds, he returns again; till being wounded, or frightened by dogs or men, he ventures out only by night, ranges the fields, and destroys whatever he has strength to conquer. He has been often seen, when those sallies have proved unsuccessful, to return back to the woods and pursue the wild animals; not so much with the hope of overtaking them himself, as in expectation of their falling a prey to some other of his own species, with whom he may come in to divide the spoil. In short, when driven to the last extremity, he attacks even man himself, and grown quite furious encounters inevitable destruction.

SUCH are the beasts of the forest, which are formed for a life of hostility; and, as we see, possessed of various methods to seize, conquer, and destroy. Nor are such as are their destined prey

F 2

less

less sagacious in their efforts to escape destruction. Some find protection in holes in which Nature has directed them to bury themselves; others seek safety by their swiftness; and such as are possessed of neither of these advantages generally herd together, and endeavour to repel invasion with united force. The very sheep, which seems the most defenceless animal of all, will yet make resistance, the females falling into the centre, and the males with their horns forming a ring round them. Some animals that feed upon fruits, which are to be only found at one time of the year, have the sagacity to provide against winter. Thus the badger, the hedgehog, and mole, fill their holes with several sorts of plants, which enable them to lie concealed during the hard frosts of the winter, contented with their prison which affords them safety. These holes are constructed with so much art, that the builders seem endowed with an instinct almost approaching reason. In general there are two apertures, one by which to escape, when an enemy is in possession of the other. The doublings of the hare and the various tricks of the fox to escape the hounds, are not less surprising. Many creatures which herd together place a centinel upon the watch to give notice of an approaching enemy, and take this duty by turns. These are the efforts of instinct for safety,
and

and they are in general sufficient to repel the hostilities of instinct only ; but no arts the wretched animal can use are sufficient to repress the invasions of man. Wherever he has spread his dominion, terror seems to follow ; there is then no longer society among the inferior tenants of the plain ; all their cunning ceases ; all their industry is at an end ; the whole is then only subsistence ; and human art, instead of improving human sagacity, only bounds, contracts, and constrains it.

THE wild animal is subject to few alterations, till he comes under the dominion of man. In their native solitudes they live still in the same manner ; they are not seen to wander from climate to climate ; the forest where they have been bred seems to bound and satisfy their desires, they seldom leave it, and when they do, it is only because it can no longer afford security. Nor is it their fellow-brutes, but man, they in such cases seem to avoid. From the former their apprehensions are less, because their means of escape are greater. In their fellow-brutes they have an enemy to whom their powers are equal ; they can oppose fraud to their force, and swiftness to their sagacity ; but what can be done against such an enemy as man, who finds them out though unseen, and though remote destroys them.

WE have observed, that among animals of the same kind there is little variety, except what is produced by the art of man ; but we would have this observation extend only to animals of the same climate. As in the human species many alterations arise from the heat or cold, and other peculiarities of the region they inhabit, so among brute animals the climate marks them with its influence, and in a few successions they entirely conform to the nature of their situation. In general it may be remarked, that the colder the country the longer and warmer is the fur of each animal, to defend it from the inclemency of the season. Thus the fox and the wolf, which, in temperate climates, have but short hair, yet have it much longer in the frozen regions near the north pole. Those dogs which with us have long hair, when carried into the hot tropical climates, in a few years cast their thick covering, and assume one more fitted to the place. The elephant and rhinoceros, which live in the hottest countries, have no hair at all ; while the beaver and the ermine, which are found in great plenty in cold regions, are remarkable for the warmth and the fineness of their furs. There is one exception to this general rule in the quadrupedes of Syria, which, though an hot country, are remarkable for the length and fineness of their hair ; the Syrian cat, sheep, and other animals, affording

fording sufficient quantity to be manufactured into that stuff called camblet, so common over all Europe.

THE quantity of food in any country, or its nutriment adapted to each peculiar species, serves also to make a variety in the size of the respective animal. Thus, the beasts which feed in the valley are much larger than those which glean a scanty subsistence on the mountains; such as live in those hot countries where the plants are much larger and more succulent than with us, are equally remarkable for their bulk. If Africa has been remarked to a proverb, by antiquity, for its monstrous serpents, it is no less remarkable for its lions, its elephants, and leopards also. Their dispositions too seem to partake of the rigours of the climate; and, being bred in the extreme of heat or cold, they shew a peculiar ferocity that neither the force of man can conquer, nor his adulations allay.

THE physical causes which have rendered the men of those wretched climates barbarous and unsocial, seem to extend their influence even to brutes; for ever, where the men are most savage, the brutes are most fierce; the reasoning powers on one hand being less, while the active powers on

the other being greater, the forces on both sides seem almost levelled to an equality, and in those regions brutes and men seem to struggle for divided dominion. All the attempts which have hitherto been made to tame the savage animals brought home from the pole or the equator have proved ineffectual. While young, the lion and even the leopard are harmless and gentle; but they acquire all their natural ferocity with age, catch at the hand that feeds them, and as they grow up become more dangerous and more cruel. A person who shewed wild beasts about the country, some years ago, had confined a young mastiff and a wolf cub from Senega in the same room. While young they played together, and seemed much delighted with each other's company; but as the wolf grew older he began to acquire new fierceness, and they often had slight quarrels about their food, which was given them together: it always began upon the wolf's side, who, though there was much more than both he and the mastiff could possibly consume, yet still kept the mastiff away, and watched over the remainder. This ill-matched society therefore every day became more turbulent and bloody, till it ended in the death of the dog, whom the wolf caught in an unguarded moment, and tore in pieces.

T H U S

THUS we find, that, even among carnivorous animals, there are different dispositions ; some generous and valiant, others cruel and cowardly : some animals are rapacious merely to satisfy their hunger ; but the tyger, hyæna, and the panther, destroy whatever they meet, slay without distinction, and are cruel without necessity.

WHATEVER be the natural disposition of animals at other times, they all acquire new courage and fierceness in defence of their young : even the mildest, if wild, will then resist and threaten the invader ; but such as have force, and subsist by rapine, are at such times terrible indeed. The lioness seems more hardy than even the lion himself ; she attacks men and beasts indiscriminately, and, when she has overcome, carries them reeking to her young, whom she accustoms betimes to slaughter. We are told by some travellers, but with what truth I will not take upon me to determine, that the hunters who find her cubs and carry them off, have no other method to escape her pursuit but by dropping one at some distance from the den, which finding, she takes care to carry back before she attempts to rescue the rest, and so the hunter escapes with a part.

THE first aliment of all quadrupedes is milk, which is a liquor at once both nourishing and

easily digested : this being in carnivorous animals in much less quantity than others, the female often carries home her prey alive, that its blood may supply the deficiencies of nature in herself.

BUT their care in the protection of their young is not greater than their sagacity in chusing such months for bringing forth, as afford the greatest quantity of provision, suitable to the age and appetite of each peculiar kind. In general they couple at such times as that the female shall bring forth in the mildest seasons, such as the latter end of spring, or the beginning of autumn. This provisional care in every species of quadrupedes, of bringing forth at the fittest seasons, may well excite human admiration. In man, the business of procreation is not marked by seasons ; but brutes seem to decline indeterminate copulation, as if conducted less by appetite than the future subsistence of their offspring.

THEIR choice of situations too may be remarked; for in most of the rapacious kind the female takes the utmost precautions to hide the place of her retreat from the male ; who, when pressed with hunger, would be apt to devour her cubs. She seldom therefore strays far from the den, and never returns while the male is in view, nor visits
him

him again till her young are out of danger, or capable of resistance. Such animals as are of tender constitutions take the utmost care to provide the warmest lodging for their young; those, on the contrary, that are hardy, and are found to subsist in northern climates, are not so cautious in this particular. The rapacious kinds bring forth in the thickest woods; the ruminant, with the various species of lesser creatures, chuse some hiding-place in the neighbourhood of man; some chuse the hollow of a tree, and all the amphibious kinds bring up their young by the water, and accustom them betimes to either element.

THE generation of animals has excited curiosity in all ages, and the philosophers of every age have undertaken to explain the difficulty: but each different hypothesis is embarrassed with unfurmoutable objections, and only serves to shew that too minute a pursuit of Nature leads to uncertainty: in such cases, every last opinion serves to overturn the preceding, while itself only waits to be overturned by some succeeding speculation, more pleasing because more new. Happily for mankind, the most intricate enquiries are generally the most useless. Modest Nature has concealed her secret operations from rash presumption; it may suffice man to be certain, that she

F 6

always

always acts with uniformity and success. Though we cannot discover how animals are generated, we know that every species is still transmitted down without mixture, and that the same characteristic marks which distinguished them in the times of Aristotle and Pliny, divide them to this day. Creatures of different kinds may be brought to produce between them, indeed, an animal partaking something of each, yet different from either; but here the confusion ends; for this new being, this monster of nature, is incapable of continuing the breed, and is marked with perpetual sterility. Nor does this arise from the figure, for there is more difference between the mastiff and lap-dog, with respect to external shape, than between the horse and the ass; yet the animal produced between the two former is prolific, while the mule, which is begotten by the latter, continues unalterably barren.

BUT though Nature has provided that every species of animals should be thus kept distinct, yet we have many reasons to believe, as has been observed before, that she has not been solicitous for the preservation of them all. We have already taken notice of the *Mahmout*, which is computed to have been at least four times as big as the elephant; and if so, might consequently require the
produce

produce of an immense tract for its subsistence. How so huge a body, therefore, could be supported upon earth, or if the bones once belonged to an inhabitant of the deep, how they came buried at such an immense distance as they are found from the sea, are questions that ignorance may ask, but sagacity never resolve; the use, and not the cause of things, is all allowed us here. It is sufficient for us, that every thing we see is good, and that all those good things have been granted for our enjoyment. A mind, willing to employ itself in vain conjectures, can never want subjects upon which to expatiate. Thus, for instance, whether brutes have souls? whether they have reason? whether they have memory, or are only mere machines? these are topics that may employ the speculative, but can never recompense the enquiry. They are questions concerning which we may form doubts, and ask questions, but can never have them resolved, till brutes themselves find language to inform us, and farther enlighten our philosophy.

ESSAY XV.

ANIMALS, in general, are sagacious in proportion as they cultivate society. The elephant and the beaver shew the greatest signs of this when united : but when man intrudes into their communities, they lose all their spirit of industry, and testify but a very small share of that sagacity, for which, when in a social state, they are so remarkable.

AMONG insects, the labours of the bee and the ant have employed the attention and admiration of the naturalist ; but their whole sagacity is lost upon separation, and a single bee, or ant, seems destitute of every degree of industry, is the most stupid insect imaginable, languishes for a time in solitude, and soon dies.

Of all the solitary insects I have ever remarked, the spider is the most sagacious, and its actions to me, who have attentively considered them, seem almost to exceed belief. This insect is formed by Nature for a state of war, not only upon other insects,

fects, but upon each other. For this state Nature seems perfectly well to have formed it. Its head and breast are covered with a strong natural coat of mail, which is impenetrable to the attempts of every other insect, and its belly is enveloped in a soft pliant skin, which eludes the sting even of a wasp. Its legs are terminated by strong claws, not unlike those of a lobster, and their vast length, like spears, serve to keep every assailant at a distance.

NOT worse furnished for observation than for an attack or a defence, it has several eyes, large, transparent, and covered with an horny substance, which however does not impede its vision. Besides this, it is furnished with a forceps above the mouth, which serves to kill or secure the prey already caught in its claws or its net.

SUCH are the implements of war with which the body is immediately furnished ; but its net to entangle the enemy seems what it chiefly trusts to, and what it takes most pains to render as complete as possible. Nature has furnished the body of this little creature with a glutinous liquid, which proceeding from the anus, it spins into a thread coarser or finer as it chuses to contract or dilate its sphincter. In order to fix its thread when it begins to weave, it emits a small drop of its liquid
against

against the wall, which, hardening by degrees, serves to hold the thread very firmly; then receding from the first point, as it recedes the thread lengthens; and when the spider has come to the place where the other end of the thread should be fixed, gathering up with its claws the thread which would otherwise be too slack, it is stretched tightly, and fixed in the same manner to the wall as before.

IN this manner it spins and fixes several threads parallel to each other, which, so to speak, serve as the warp to the intended web. To form the woof, it spins in the same manner its thread, transversely fixing one end to the first thread that was spun, and which is always the strongest of the whole web, and the other to the wall. All these threads, being newly spun, are glutinous, and therefore stick to each other wherever they happen to touch; and in those parts of the web most exposed to be torn, our natural artist strengthens them, by doubling the threads sometimes sixfold.

THUS far naturalists have gone in the description of this animal; what follows is the result of my own observation upon that species of the insect called an House-spider. I perceived, about four years ago, a large spider in one corner of my room making its web; and though the maid frequently levelled

levelled her fatal broom against the labours of the little animal, I had the good fortune then to prevent its destruction, and I may say it more than paid me by the entertainment it afforded.

In three days the web was with incredible diligence completed; nor could I avoid thinking that the insect seemed to exult in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out very frequently. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of his own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon then a terrible encounter ensued, in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his strong hold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became conqueror, and fairly killed his antagonist.

Now then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost patience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking

taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare, and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprized when I saw the spider immediately fall out, and, in less than a minute, weave a new net round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was stopped; and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized and dragged into the hole.

IN this manner it lived, in a precarious state; and Nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life, for upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. I once put a wasp into the nest, but when the spider came out in order to seize it as usual, upon perceiving what kind of an enemy it had to deal with, it instantly broke all the bands that held it fast, and contributed all that lay in its power to disengage so formidable an antagonist. When the wasp was at liberty, I expected the spider would have set about repairing the breaches that were made in his net, but those, it seems, were irreparable; wherefore the cobweb was now entirely forsaken, and a new one begun, which was completed in the usual time.

I HAD now a mind to try how many cobwebs a single spider could furnish, wherefore I destroyed this, and the insect set about another. When I destroyed the other also, its whole stock seemed entirely exhausted, and it could spin no more. The arts it made use of to support itself, now deprived of its great means of subsistence, were indeed surprizing. I have seen it roll up its legs like a ball, and lie motionless for hours together, but cautiously watching all the time: when a fly happened to approach sufficiently near, it would dart out all at once, and often seize its prey.

Of this life, however, it soon began to grow weary, and resolved to invade the possession of some other spider, since it could not make a web of its own. It formed an attack upon a neighbouring fortification with great vigour, and at first was as vigorously repulsed. Not daunted, however, with one defeat, in this manner it continued to lay siege to another's web for three days, and, at length, having killed the defendant, actually took possession. When smaller flies happen to fall into the snare, the spider does not fall out at once, but very patiently waits till it is sure of them; for, upon his immediately approaching, the terror of his appearance might give the captive strength sufficient to get loose: the
manner

manner then is to wait patiently till, by ineffectual and impotent struggles, the captive has wasted all his strength, and then he becomes a certain and an easy conquest.

THE insect I am now describing lived three years; every year it changed its skin, and got a new set of legs. I have sometimes plucked off a leg, which grew again in two or three days. At first, it dreaded my approach to its web, but at last it became so familiar as to take a fly out of my hand, and upon my touching any part of the web, would immediately leave its hole, prepared either for a defence or an attack.

To complete this description, it may be observed, that the male spider is much less than the female, and that the latter are oviparous. When they come to lay, they spread a part of their web under the eggs, and then roll them up carefully, as we roll up things in a cloth, and thus hatch them in their hole. If disturbed in their holes, they never attempt to escape without carrying this young brood in their forceps away with them, and thus frequently are sacrificed to their maternal affection.

As soon as ever the young ones leave their artificial covering, they begin to spin, and almost sensibly seem to grow bigger. If they have the good fortune, when even but a day old, to catch a fly,

a fly, they fall to with good appetites ; but they live sometimes three or four days without any sort of sustenance, and yet still continue to grow larger, so as every day to double their former size. As they grow old, however, they do not still continue to encrease, but their legs only continue to grow longer ; and when a spider becomes entire stiff with age, and unable to seize its prey, it dies at length of hunger.

E S S A Y XVI.

SINCE the opening of our Theatres, all Grubstreet, as usual, has been busy in offering its advice to the Managers. We have been told of their want of judgement, capacity, and candour; we have been entertained with wise disquisitions on tones, attitudes, and enunciations, and our slightest pleasures have been commented upon by didactic dullness. Our actors have been instructed to amuse us by rule, and the chimes have been rung, till we are stunned, upon feeling, action, pathos, and spirit, and many other precious terms that escape my memory — As I love to be advising too, for advice is easily given, and bears a show of wisdom and superiority, I must be permitted to offer a few observations upon our Theatres and Actors, without, on this trivial occasion, throwing my thoughts into the formality of method.

THERE is something in the deportment of all our players infinitely more stiff and formal than amongst the actors of other nations. Their action sits uneasy upon them; for as the English use

very

very little gesture in ordinary conversation, our English-bred actors are obliged to supply stage gestures by their imagination alone. A French comedian finds proper models of action in every company, and in every coffee-house he enters.

An Englishman is obliged to take his models from the stage itself; he is obliged to imitate Nature from an imitation of Nature. I know of no set of men more likely to be improved by travelling than those of the theatrical profession. The inhabitants of the continent are less reserved than here; they may be seen through upon a first acquaintance: such are the proper models to draw from; they are at once striking, and are found in great abundance.

THOUGH it would be inexcusable in a comedian to add any thing of his own to the poet's dialogue, yet as to action he is entirely at liberty. By this he may shew the fertility of his genius, the poignancy of his humour, and the exactness of his judgement. We scarce see a coxcomb or a fool in common life, that has not some peculiar oddity in his action. These peculiarities it is not in the power of words to represent, and depend solely upon the actor. They give a relish to the humour of the poet, and make the appearance of Nature more illusive. The Italians, it is true, mask some characters, and endeavour to preserve the peculiar humour by the make of the mask; but I have
seen

seen others still preserve a great fund of humour in the face without a mask ; one actor, particularly, by a squint which he threw into some characters of low life, assumed a look of infinite solidity. This though upon reflection we might condemn, yet, immediately upon representation, we could not avoid being pleased with. To illustrate what I have been saying by the plays I have seen at Paris : in the *Miser*, the French comedian, in the character of Lovegold, in the midst of one of his most violent passions, while he appears in an ungovernable rage, feels the demon of avarice still upon him, and stoops down to pick up a pin, which he quilts into the flap of his coat pocket with great assiduity. Two candles were lighted up for his wedding ; he flies and turns one of them into the socket ; it is, however, lighted up again ; he then steals to it, and privately crams it into his pocket. In the *Mock Doctor* also, the French player sits in a chair with an high back, and then begins to shew away by talking nonsense, which he would have thought Latin by those whom he knows do not understand a syllable of the matter. At last he grows enthusiastic, enjoys the admiration of the company, tosses his legs and arms about, and in the midst of his raptures and vociferation, he and the chair fall back together. All this appears dull enough in the recital, but the gravity

gravity of Cato could not stand it in the representation. In short, there is hardly a character in comedy to which a player of any real humour might not add strokes of vivacity that could not fail of applause. But instead of this we too often see our fine gentlemen do nothing through a whole part but strut, and open their snuff-box ; our pretty fellows sit indecently with their legs across, and our clowns pull up their breeches. These, if once or even twice repeated, might do well enough ; but to see them served up in every scene, argues the actor almost as barren as the character he would expose.

THE magnificence of our theatres is far superior to any others in Europe where plays only are acted. The great care our performers take in painting for a part, their exactness in all the minutiae of dress, and other little scenical proprieties, have been taken notice of by Ricoboni, a gentleman of Italy, who travelled Europe with no other design but to remark upon the stage ; but there are several apparent improprieties still continued, or lately come into fashion. As for instance, spreading a carpet punctually at the beginning of the death-scene, in order to prevent our actors from spoiling their clothes ; this immediately apprizes us of the tragedy to follow ; for laying the cloth is not a more sure indication of dinner, than laying the

carpet of bloody work at Drury-lane. Our little pages also with unmeaning faces, that bear up the train of a weeping Princess, and our aukward Lords in waiting, take off much from her distress. Mutes of every kind divide our attention, and lessen our sensibility: but here it is entirely ridiculous, as we see them seriously employed in doing nothing. If we must have dirty-shirted guards upon the theatres, they should be taught to keep their eyes fixed on the actors, and not roll them round upon the audience, as if they were ogling the boxes.

BEAUTY methinks seems a requisite qualification in an actress. This seems scrupulously observed elsewhere, and for my part I could wish to see it observed at home. I can never conceive an hero dying for love of a lady totally destitute of beauty. I must think the part unnatural, for I cannot bear to hear him call that face angelic, when even paint cannot hide its wrinkles. I must condemn him of stupidity, and the person whom I can accuse for want of taste will seldom become the object of my affections or admiration. But if this be a defect, what must be the entire perversion of scenical decorum, when, for instance, I have seen an actress that might act the Wapping Landlady without a bolster, pining in the character of

Jane

Jane Shore, and, while unwieldy with fat, endeavouring to convince the audience that she is dying with hunger.

For the future, then, I could wish that the parts of the young or beautiful were given to performers of suitable figures ; for I must own, I could rather see the stage filled with agreeable objects, though they might sometimes bungle a little, than see it crowded with withered or misshapen figures, be their emphasis, as I think it is called, ever so proper. The first may have the awkward appearance of new-raised troops, but in viewing the last, I cannot avoid the mortification of fancying myself placed in an hospital of invalids.

E S S A Y XVII.

FEW virtues have been more praised by moralists than Generosity; every practical treatise of Ethics tends to increase our sensibility of the distresses of others, and to relax the grasp of frugality. Philosophers that are poor, praise it because they are gainers by its effects; and the opulent Seneca himself has written a treatise on Benefits, though he was known to give nothing away.

BUT among the many who have enforced the duty of giving, I am surprised there are none to inculcate the ignominy of receiving, to shew that by every favour we accept, we in some measure forfeit our native freedom, and that a state of continual dependence on the generosity of others is a life of gradual debasement.

WERE men taught to despise the receiving obligations with the same force of reasoning and declamation that they are instructed to confer them, we might then see every person in society
filling

filling up the requisite duties of his station with cheerful industry, neither relaxed by hope, nor fallen from disappointment.

EVERY favour a man receives, in some measure sinks him below his dignity; and in proportion to the value of the benefit, or the frequency of its acceptance, he gives up so much of his natural independence. He, therefore, who thrives upon the unmerited bounty of another, if he has any sensibility, suffers the worst of servitude. The shackled slave may murmur without reproach, but the humble dependent is taxed with ingratitude upon every symptom of discontent; the one may rave round the walls of his cell, but the other lingers in all the silence of mental confinement. To increase his distress, every new obligation but adds to the former load which kept the vigorous mind from rising; till at last, elastic no longer, it shapes itself to constraint, and puts on habitual servility.

It is thus with the feeling mind: but there are some who, born without any share of sensibility, receive favour after favour, and still cringe for more; who accept the offer of generosity with as little reluctance as the wages of merit, and even make thanks for past benefits an indirect petition

for new. Such, I grant, can suffer no debasement from dependence, since they were originally as vile as was possible to be ; dependence degrades only the ingenuous, but leaves the sordid mind in pristine meanness. In this manner therefore long-continued generosity is misplaced, or it is injurious ; it either finds a man worthless, or it makes him so ; and true it is, that the person who is contented to be often obliged, ought not to have been obliged at all.

Yet while I describe the meanness of a life of continued dependence, I would not be thought to include those natural or political subordinations which subsist in every society ; for in such, though dependence is exacted from the inferior, yet the obligation on either side is mutual. The son must rely upon his parent for support, but the parent lies under the same obligations to give, that the other has to expect ; the subordinate officer must receive the commands of his superior, but for this obedience the former has a right to demand an intercourse of favour : such is not the dependence I would depreciate, but that where every expected favour must be the result of mere benevolence in the giver, where the benefit can be kept without remorse, or transferred without injustice. The character of a legacy-hunter, for instance, is detestable in some countries, and despicable in all.

This

This universal contempt of a man who infringes upon none of the laws of society, some moralists have arraigned as a popular and unjust prejudice; never considering the necessary degradations a wretch must undergo, who previously expects to grow rich by benefits, without having either natural or social claims to enforce his petitions.

BUT this intercourse of benefaction and acknowledgment is often injurious even to the giver as well as the receiver. A man can gain but little knowledge of himself, or of the world, amidst a circle of those whom hope or gratitude has gathered round him: their unceasing humiliations must necessarily increase his comparative magnitude, for all men measure their own abilities by those of their company. Thus being taught to over-rate his merit, he in reality lessens it: increasing in confidence, but not in power, his professions end in empty boast, his undertakings in shameful disappointment.

It is perhaps one of the severest misfortunes of the great, that they are, in general, obliged to live among men whose real value is lessened by dependence, and whose minds are enslaved by obligation. The humble companion may have at first accepted patronage with generous views, but soon

he feels the mortifying influence of conscious inferiority, by degrees sinks into a flatterer, and from flattery at last degenerates into stupid veneration. To remedy this, the great often dismiss their old dependents, and take new. Such changes are falsely imputed to levity, falsehood, or caprice in the patron, since they may be more justly ascribed to the client's gradual deterioration.

No, my son, a life of independence is generally a life of virtue. It is that which fits the soul for every generous flight of humanity, freedom, and friendship. To give, should be our pleasure ; but to receive, our shame. Serenity, health, and affluence attend the desire of rising by labour ; misery, repentance, and disrespect, that of succeeding by extorted benevolence. The man who can thank himself alone for the happiness he enjoys, is truly blest ; and lovely, far more lovely the sturdy gloom of laborious indigence, than the fawning simper of thriving adulation.

ESSAY

E S S A Y XVIII.

A PROPER application of benefits will supply every other external advantage in life but the love of those we converse with. Love is the spontaneous production of the mind ; no generosity can purchase, no rewards increase, and no liberality can continue it. The very person who is obliged, has it not in his power to force his lingering affections, and voluntarily mix gratitude with passion.

IMPARTED fortune and well-placed liberality may procure the benefactor esteem ; may load the person obliged with the sense of the duty he lies under to retaliate : this is gratitude ; and gratitude for benefits received is all the return an ingenuous mind can bestow.

BUT love and gratitude are almost opposite affections. Love is often an involuntary passion, placed upon our companions without our consent, and frequently conferred without our esteem. We love some men we know not why ; our tenderness is naturally excited in all their concerns ; we excuse their faults with the same indulgence, and

approve their virtues with the same applause, with which we consider our own. While we entertain the passion, it pleases us ; we cherish it with delight, and part from it with reluctance ; love for love being all the reward we expect or desire. Gratitude, on the contrary, is never conferred, but where there have been previous endeavours to excite it : we consider it as a debt, and our spirits are a load till we have discharged the obligation. Every acknowledgment of gratitude is a circumstance of humiliation ; and some are found to submit to frequent mortifications of this kind, proclaiming what they owe, as thinking it in some measure cancels the obligation.

THUS one is the most easy and agreeable, the other the most humiliating affection of the mind. We never reflect on the man we love without exulting in our choice ; while he who has bound us to him by benefits alone, rises to our idea as a person to whom we have, in some measure, forfeited our freedom. They are seldom therefore found in the same breast without impairing each other : we must be contented either with giving love or gratitude to those we converse with, for they cannot have both together. Men may be too much obliged ; the mind becomes bankrupt under too large an arrear, and all additional benefits only diminish every hope of future return.

IN all our connections with society, therefore, it is not only generous but prudent to appear insensible of the value of those favours we bestow. Love and friendship must be taken by stratagem, and not by open force. In conferring benefits, we should seem ignorant that we oblige ; and leave the mind at full liberty to give or refuse its affections ; for constraint will certainly produce disgust.

If to procure gratitude be our only aim, there is no great art in making the acquisition. A benefit conferred demands a just acknowledgment, and we have a right to insist upon our due ; but it were much more prudent, however, to forego our right on such an occasion ; for we receive but little advantage from repeated protestations of gratitude, while they cost him very much from whom we exact them in return.

As Mencius the philosopher was travelling in pursuit of wisdom, night overtook him at the foot of a gloomy mountain, remote from the habitations of men. Here, as he was straying (while rain and thunder conspired to make solitude still more hideous), he perceived a Hermit's cell, and approaching asked for shelter. "Enter," cries the Hermit in a severe tone ; "men deserve not to

“be obliged ; but it would be imitating their in-
“gratitude to treat them as they deserve. Come
“in ; examples of vice may sometimes strengthen
“us in the ways of virtue.”

AFTER a frugal meal, which consisted of roots and tea, Mencius could not repress his curiosity to know why the Hermit had retired from mankind, whose actions taught the truest lessons of wisdom. “Mention not the name of Man,” cried the Hermit with indignation ; “here let me live retired
“from a base ungrateful world ; here, in the
“forest, I shall find no flatterers : the lion is an
“open enemy, and the dog a faithful friend ; but
“man, base man, can poison the bowl, and smile
“when he presents it.” “You have then been
“ill used by mankind ?” interrupted the philosopher drily. “Yes,” returned the Hermit ; “on
“mankind I have exhausted my whole fortune ;
“and this staff, and that cup, and those roots, are
“all that I have in return.” “Did you bestow
“your fortune among them, or did you only lend
“it ?” returned Mencius. “I bestowed it
“undoubtedly,” replied the other ; “for where
“were the merit of being a money-lender ?” “Did
“they ever own that they received your benefits ?” still adds the philosopher. “A thousand times,” cries the Hermit ; “they every day loaded me with
“professions of gratitude for favours received, and
“solicitations

“solicitations for future.” “If then,” says Mencius smiling, “you did not lend your fortune in order to have it returned, it is injustice to accuse them of ingratitude: they owned themselves obliged; you expected no more; and they certainly earn a favour, who stoop to acknowledge the obligation.”

THE Hermit was struck with the reply; and, surveying his guest with great emotion, “I have heard of the great Mencius, and thou certainly art the man: I am now fourscore years old, but still a child in wisdom. Take me back to the world, and educate me as one of the most ignorant and youngest of thy disciples.”

INDEED, my son, it is better to have friends in our passage through life than admirers; and as love is a more willing, so it is a more lasting tribute than extorted obligation. As we are uneasy when greatly obliged, gratitude once refused can never after be recovered: the mind that is base enough to disallow the just return, instead of feeling any uneasiness upon recollection, triumphs in its new-acquired freedom, and in some measure is pleased with conscious baseness. Very different is the situation of disagreeing friends; their separation produces mutual uneasiness: like that divided being in fabulous creation, their sympathetic souls once
more

more desire their former union ; the joys of both are imperfect, their gayest moments tinged with uneasiness ; each seeks the smallest concessions, to clear the way to a wished-for explanation ; the most trifling acknowledgment, the slightest accident, serves to effect a mutual agreement. But, instead of pursuing the thought, permit me to soften the severity of my advice by an European story, which fully serves to illustrate my meaning.

A FIDDLER and his wife, who had rubbed through life, as most couples usually do, sometimes good friends, at others not quite so well, one day happened to have a dispute, which was conducted with becoming spirit on both sides. The wife was sure she was right ; and the husband was resolved to have his own way. What was to be done in such a case ? The quarrel grew worse by their explanations ; and at last their fury rose to such a pitch, that each made a vow never to sleep in the same bed for the future. This was the most rash vow that could be imagined ; for they still were friends at bottom, and besides they had but one bed in the house : however, resolved they were to go through with it ; and as they had not separate beds, at night the fiddle-case was laid between them in order to make a separation. In this manner

manner they continued for three weeks, every night the fiddle-case being placed as a barrier to divide them. By this time, however, each heartily repented of their vow, their resentment was at an end, and their love began to return; they wished the fiddle-case away, but both had too much spirit to submit. One night, however, as they were both lying awake, with the detested fiddle-case between them, the husband happened to sneeze. To this the wife, as is usual in such cases, bid God bless him. "Ay, but (returns the husband), Giles, do you say that from your heart?" "Indeed, I do, my poor Nicholas," (cries his wife); I say it with all my heart." "If so then (says the husband), I fancy we had as good remove the fiddle-case."

S S A Y XIX.

BOOKS, while they teach us to respect the interests of others, often make us unmindful of our own : while they instruct the youthful reader to grasp at social happiness, he grows miserable in detail ; and, attentive to universal harmony, often forgets that he himself has a part to sustain in the concert. I dislike therefore the philosopher who describes the inconveniencies of life in such pleasing colours that the pupil grows enamoured of distress, longs to try the charms of poverty, meets it without dread, nor fears its inconveniencies till he severely feels them.

A YOUTH who has thus spent his life among books, new to the world, and unacquainted with man but by philosophic information, may be considered as a being whose mind is filled with the vulgar errors of the wise. Utterly unqualified for a journey through life, yet confident of his own skill in the direction, he sets out with confidence, blunders on with vanity, and finds himself at last undone.

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HE first has learned from books, and then lays it down as a maxim, that all mankind are virtuous or vicious in excess ; and he has been long taught to detest vice and love virtue : warm therefore in attachments, and stedfast in enmity, he treats every creature as a friend or foe ; expects from those he loves unerring integrity, and consigns his enemies to the reproach of wanting every virtue. On this principle he proceeds ; and here begin his disappointments. Upon a closer inspection of human nature, he perceives that he should have moderated his friendship, and softened his severity ; for he often finds the excellencies of one part of mankind clouded with vice, and the faults of the other brightened with virtue ; he finds no character so sanctified that has not its failings ; none so infamous, but has somewhat to attract our esteem ; he beholds impiety in lawn, and fidelity in fetters.

HE now therefore, but too late, perceives that his regards should have been more cool, and his hatred less violent ; that the truly wise seldom court romantic friendship with the good, and avoid, if possible, the resentment even of the wicked. Every moment gives him fresh instances that the bonds of friendship are broken if drawn too closely, and that those whom he has treated with

with disrespect more than retaliate the injury : at length, therefore, he is obliged to confess, that he has declared war upon the vicious half of mankind, without being able to form an alliance among the virtuous to espouse his quarrel.

OUR book-taught philosopher, however, is now too far advanced to recede ; and though poverty be the just consequence of the many enemies his conduct has created, yet he is resolved to meet it without shrinking. Philosophers have described poverty in most charming colours ; and even his vanity is touched in thinking, that he shall shew the world in himself one more example of patience, fortitude, and resignation : “ Come then, O Poverty ! for what is there in thee dreadful to the wise ! Temperance, Health, and Frugality, walk in thy train : Cheerfulness and Liberty are ever thy companions. Shall any be ashamed of thee, of whom Cincinnatus was not ashamed ? The running brook, the herbs of the field, can amply satisfy nature : man wants but little, nor that little long. Come then, O Poverty ! while kings stand by and gaze with admiration at the true philosopher’s resignation.”

THE goddess appears ; for Poverty ever comes at the call : but, alas ! he finds her by no means the charming figure books and his own imagination

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tion had painted. As when an eastern bride, whom her friends and relations had long described as a model of perfection, pays her first visit, the longing bridegroom lifts the veil to see a face he had never seen before ; but instead of a countenance blazing with beauty like the sun, he beholds deformity shooting icicles to his heart ; such appears Poverty to her new entertainer : all the fabric of enthusiasm is at once demolished, and a thousand miseries rise upon its ruins ; while Contempt, with pointing finger, is foremost in the hideous procession.

THE poor man now finds, that he can get no kings to look at him while he is eating ; he finds, that in proportion as he grows poor, the world turns its back upon him, and gives him leave to act the philosopher in all the majesty of solitude. It might be agreeable enough to play the philosopher, while we are conscious that mankind are spectators ; but what signifies wearing the mask of sturdy contentment, and mounting the stage of restraint, when not one creature will assist at the exhibition ? Thus is he forsaken of men, while his fortitude wants the satisfaction even of self-applause ; for either he does not feel his present calamities, and that is natural insensibility ; or he disguises his feelings, and that is dissimulation.

SPLEEN

SPLEEN now begins to take up the man: not distinguishing in his resentments, he regards all mankind with detestation; and, commencing man-hater, seeks solitude to be at liberty to rail.

IT has been said, that he who retires to solitude, is either a beast or an angel: the censure is too severe, and the praise unmerited. The discontented being who retires from society, is generally some good-natured man who has begun life without experience, and knew not how to gain it in his intercourse with mankind.

ESSAY

E S S A Y XX.

THE history of the rise of language and learning is calculated to gratify curiosity, rather than to satisfy the understanding. An account of that period only, when language and learning arrived at its highest perfection, is the most conducive to real improvement, since it at once raises emulation, and directs to the proper objects. The age of Leo X. in Italy is confessed to be the Augustan age with them. The French writers seem agreed to give the same appellation to that of Louis XIV. but the English are yet undetermined with respect to themselves.

SOME have looked upon the writers in the times of Queen Elizabeth as the true standard for future imitation; others have descended to the reign of James I. and others still lower, to that of Charles II. Were I to be permitted to offer an opinion upon this subject, I should readily give my vote for the reign of Queen Anne, or some years before that period. It was then that taste was united to genius,

nius, and, as before, our writers, charmed with their strength of thinking, knew that then they were sure to please with their strength and grace united. In that period of British glory, though no writer attracts our attention singly, yet, like stars lost in each other's brightness, they have cast such a lustre upon the age in which they lived, that their minutest transactions will be attended to by posterity with a greater eagerness, than the most important occurrences of even empires which have been transacted in greater obscurity.

AT that period there seemed to be a just balance between patronage and the press. Before it, men were little esteemed whose only merit was genius; and since, men who can prudently be content to catch the public, are certain of living without dependence. But the writers of the period of which I am speaking were sufficiently esteemed by the great, and not rewarded enough by booksellers to set them above independence. Fame consequently then was the truest road to happiness: a sedulous attention to the mechanical business of the day makes the present never-failing resource.

THE age of Charles II. which our countrymen term the age of wit and immorality, produced some
writers

writers that at once served to improve our language and corrupt our hearts. The king himself had a large share of knowledge, and some wit ; and his courtiers were generally men who had been bred up in the school of affliction and experience. For this reason, when the sun-shine of their fortune returned, they gave too great a loose to pleasure, and language was by them cultivated only as a mode of elegance ; hence it became more enervated, and was dashed with quaintnesses which gave the public writings of those times a very illiberal air.

L'ESTRANGE, who was by no means so bad a writer as some have represented him, was sunk in party faction ; and, having generally the worst side of the argument, often had recourse to scolding, pertness, and consequently a vulgarity that discovers itself even in his more liberal compositions. He was the first writer who regularly enlisted himself under the banners of a party for pay, and fought for it, through right and wrong, for upwards of forty literary campaigns. This intrepidity gained him the esteem of Cromwell himself ; and the papers he wrote, even just before the Revolution, almost with the rope about his neck, have his usual characters of impudence and perseverance. That he was a standard writer cannot be disowned, because a great many very eminent authors

authors formed their style by his. But his standard was far from being a just one ; though, when party considerations are set aside, he certainly was possessed of elegance, ease, and perspicuity.

DRYDEN, though a great and undisputed genius, had the same cast as L'Estrange. Even his plays discover him to be a party-man, and the same principle infects his style in subjects of the lightest nature ; but the English tongue, as it stands at present, is greatly his debtor. He first gave it regular harmony, and discovered its latent powers. It was his pen that formed the Congreves, the Priors, and the Addisons, who succeeded him ; and had it not been for Dryden, we never should have known a Pope, at least in the meridian lustre he now displays. But Dryden's excellencies, as a writer, were not confined to poetry alone. There is in his prose writings an ease and elegance that have never yet been so well united in works of taste or criticism.

THE English language owes very little to Otway, though, next to Shakespeare, the greatest genius England ever produced in tragedy. His excellencies lay in painting directly from nature, in catching every emotion just as it rises from the soul, and in all the powers of the moving and pathetic. He appears to have had no learning, no
critical

critical knowledge, and to have lived in great distress. When he died (which he did in an obscure house near the Minories) he had about him the copy of a tragedy, which it seems he had sold for a trifle to Bentley the bookseller. I have seen an advertisement at the end of one of L'Esrange's political papers, offering a reward to any one who should bring it to his shop. What an invaluable treasure was there irretrievably lost, by the ignorance and neglect of the age he lived in!

LEE had a great command of language, and vast force of expression, both which the best of our succeeding dramatic poets thought proper to take for their models. Rowe in particular seems to have caught that manner, though in all other respects inferior. The other poets of that reign contributed but little towards improving the English tongue, and it is not certain whether they did not injure rather than improve it. Immorality has its cant as well as party; and many shocking expressions now crept into the language, and became the transient fashion of the day. The upper galleries, by the prevalence of party-spirit, were courted with great assiduity, and a horse-laugh, following ribaldry, was the highest instance of applause; the chastity as well as energy of diction being overlooked or neglected.

VIRTUOUS sentiment was recovered, but energy of style never was. This, though disregarded in plays and party-writings, still prevailed amongst men of character and business. The dispatches of Sir Richard Fanshawe, Sir William Godolphin, Lord Arlington, and many other ministers of state, are all of them, with respect to diction, manly, bold, and nervous. Sir William Temple, though a man of no learning, had great knowledge and experience. He wrote always like a man of sense and a gentleman, and his style is the model by which the best prose-writers in the reign of Queen Anne formed theirs. The beauties of Mr. Locke's style, though not so much celebrated, are as striking as that of his understanding. He never says more nor less than he ought, and never makes use of a word that he could have changed for a better. The same observation holds good of Dr. Samuel Clarke.

MR. Locke was a philosopher; his antagonist Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester, was a man of learning, and therefore the contest between them was unequal. The clearness of Mr. Locke's head renders his language perspicuous, the learning of Stillingfleet's clouds his. This is an instance of the superiority of good sense over learning, towards the improvement of every language.

THE END

THERE is nothing peculiar to the language of Archbishop Tillotson, but his manner of writing is inimitable; for one who reads him wonders why he himself did not think and speak in that very manner. The turn of his periods is agreeable, though artless, and every thing he says seems to flow spontaneously from inward conviction. Barrow, though greatly his superior in learning, falls short of him in other respects:

THE time seems to be at hand when justice will be done to Mr. Cowley's prose as well as poetical writings; and though his friend Dr. Sprat, Bishop of Rochester, in his diction falls far short of the abilities for which he has been celebrated, yet there is sometimes an happy flow in his periods, and something that looks like eloquence. The style of his successor Atterbury has been much commended by his friends, which always happens when a man distinguishes himself in party; but there is nothing extraordinary in it. Even the speech which he made for himself at the bar of the House of Lords, before he was sent into exile, is void of eloquence, though it has been cried up by his friends to such a degree, that his enemies have suffered it to pass uncensured.

THE philosophical manner of Lord Shaftesbury's writing is nearer to that of Cicero than any English author has yet arrived at ; but perhaps, had Cicero wrote in English, his composition would have greatly exceeded that of our countryman. The diction of the latter is beautiful ; but such beauty as, upon nearer inspection, carries with it evident symptoms of affectation. This has been attended with very disagreeable consequences. Nothing is so easy to copy as affectation, and his lordship's rank and fame have procured him more imitators in Britain than any writer I know ; all faithfully preserving his blemishes, but unhappily not one of his beauties.

MR. Trenchard and Dr. Davenant were political writers of great abilities in diction, and their pamphlets are now standards in that way of writing. They were followed by Dean Swift, who, though in other respects far their superior, never could arise to that manliness and clearness of diction in political writings, for which they were so justly famous.

THEY were all of them exceeded by the late Lord Bolingbroke, whose strength lay in that province ; for, as a philosopher and a critic, he was
ill

ill qualified ; being destitute of virtue for the one, and of learning for the other. His writings against Sir Robert Walpole are incomparably the best part of his works. The personal and perpetual antipathy he had for that family, to whose places he thought his own abilities had a right, gave a glow to his style, and an edge to his manner, that never has yet been equalled in political writing. His misfortunes and disappointments gave his mind a turn which his friends mistook for philosophy, and at one time of his life he had the art to impose the same belief upon some of his enemies. His “ Idea of a Patriot King,” which I reckon (as indeed it was) amongst his writings against Sir Robert Walpole, is a master-piece of diction. Even in his other works his style is excellent ; but where a man either does not or will not understand the subject he writes on, there must always be a deficiency. In politics he was generally master of what he undertook ; in morals, never.

MR. Addison, for a happy and natural style, will be always an honour to British literature. His diction indeed wants strength, but it is equal to all the subjects he undertakes to handle, as he never (at least in his finished works) attempts any thing either in the argumentative or demonstrative way.

THOUGH Sir Richard Steele's reputation as a public writer was owing to his connections with Mr. Addison, yet, after their intimacy was formed, Steele sunk in his merit as an author. This was not owing so much to the evident superiority on the part of Addison, as to the unnatural efforts which Steele made to equal or eclipse him. This emulation destroyed that genuine flow of diction which is discoverable in all his former compositions.

WHILST their writings engaged attention, and the favour of the public, reiterated but unsuccessful endeavours were made towards forming a grammar of the English language. The authors of those efforts went upon wrong principles; instead of endeavouring to retrench the absurdities of our language, and bringing it to a certain criterion, their grammars were no other than a collection of rules attempting to naturalize those absurdities, and bring them under a regular system.

SOMEWHAT effectual, however, might have been done towards fixing the standard of the English language, had it not been for the spirit of party. For both Whigs and Tories being ambitious to stand at the head of so great a design, the Queen's death
hap-

happened before any plan of an Academy could be resolved on.

MEANWHILE the necessity of such an institution became every day more apparent. The periodical and political writers, which then swarmed, adopted the very worst manner of L'Estrange, till not only all decency, but all propriety of language was lost in the nation. Lesley, a pert writer with some wit and learning, insulted the government every week with the grossest abuse. His style and manner, both of which were illiberal, was imitated by Ridpath, De Foe, Dunton, and others of the opposite party; and Toland pleaded the cause of atheism and immorality in much the same strain; his subject seemed to debase his diction, and he ever failed most in one, when he grew most licentious in the other.

TOWARDS the end of Queen Anne's reign, some of the greatest men in England devoted all their time to party, and then a much better manner obtained in political writing. Mr. Walpole, Mr. Addison, Mr. Mainwaring, Mr. Steele, and many Members of both Houses of Parliament, drew their pens for the Whigs; but they seem to have been over-matched, though not in argument, yet in

writing, by Bolingbroke, Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, and the other friends of the opposite party. They who oppose a ministry have always a better field for ridicule and reproof than they who defend it.

SINCE that period our writers have either been encouraged above their merits or below them. Some who were possessed of the meanest abilities acquired the highest preferments; while others, who seemed born to reflect a lustre upon their age, perished by want and neglect. Moore, Savage, and Amherst, were possessed of great abilities, yet they were suffered to feel all the miseries that usually attend the ingenious and the imprudent, that attend men of strong passions, and no phlegmatic reserve in their command.

AT present, were a man to attempt to improve his fortune, or increase his friendship, by poetry, he would soon feel the anxiety of disappointment. The press lies open, and is a benefactor to every sort of literature but that alone.

I AM at a loss whether to ascribe this falling off of the public to a vicious taste in the poet, or in them; perhaps both are to be reprehended. The poet, either dryly didactic, gives us rules
which

which might appear abstruse^o even in a system of ethics ; or, triflingly volatile, writes upon the most unworthy subjects. Content, if he can give music instead of sense ; content, if he can paint to the imagination, without any desires or endeavours to affect ; the public therefore with justice discards such empty sound, which has nothing but jingle, or, what is worse, the unmusical flow of blank verse, to recommend it. The late method also that our news-papers have fallen into, of giving an epitome of every new publication, must greatly damp the writer's genius. He finds himself, in this case, at the mercy of men who have neither abilities nor learning to distinguish his merit. He finds his own compositions mixed with the sordid trash of every daily scribbler. There is a sufficient specimen given of his work to abate curiosity, and yet so mutilated as to render him contemptible. His first, and perhaps his second work by this means sinks, among the crudities of the age, into oblivion. Fame, he finds, begins to turn her back ; he therefore flies to profit, which invites him, and he inrolls himself in the lists of dulness and of avarice, for life.

YET there are still among us men of the greatest abilities, and who in some parts of learning have

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surpassed

surpassed their predecessors. Justice and friendship might here impel me to speak of names which will shine out to all posterity ; but prudence restrains me from what I should otherwise eagerly embrace. Envy might rise against every honoured name I should mention, since scarce one of them has not those who are his enemies, or those who despise him, &c.

ESSAY

E S S A Y X X I *.

YOU see, by the date of my letter, that I am arrived in Poland. When will my wanderings be at an end? When will my restless disposition give me leave to enjoy the present hour? When at Lyons, I thought all happiness lay beyond the Alps; when in Italy, I found myself still in want of something, and expected to leave solicitude behind me by going into Romelia, and now you find me turning back, still expecting ease every where but where I am. It is now seven years since I saw the face of a single creature who cared a farthing whether I was dead or alive. Secluded from all the comforts of confidence, friendship, or society, I feel the solitude of an hermit, but not his ease.

THE Prince of * * * has taken me in his train, so that I am in no danger of starving for this bout. The Prince's governor is a rude, ignorant, pedant, and his tutor a battered rake: thus, between two such characters, you may imagine he

* This ESSAY was first published by the AUTHOR in the form of "A LETTER from a TRAVELLER to his FRIEND in ENGLAND;" and dated, "Cracow, Aug. 2, 1765."

is finely instructed. I made some attempts to display all the little knowledge I had acquired by reading or observation ; but I find myself regarded as an ignorant intruder. The truth is, I shall never be able to acquire a power of expressing myself with ease in any language but my own ; and out of my own country the highest character I can ever acquire, is that of being a Philosophic Vagabond.

WHEN I consider myself in the country which was once so formidable in war, and spread terror and desolation over the whole Roman Empire, I can hardly account for the present wretchedness and pusillanimity of its inhabitants ; a prey to every invader ; their cities plundered without an enemy ; their magistrates seeking redress by complaints, and not by vigour. Every thing conspires to raise my compassion for their miseries, were not my thoughts too busily engaged by my own. The whole kingdom is in strange disorder. When our equipage, which consists of the Prince and thirteen attendants, had arrived at some towns, there were no conveniences to be found, and we were obliged to have girls to conduct us to the next. I have seen a woman travel thus on horseback before us for thirty miles, and think herself highly paid, and make twenty reverences, upon receiving with ecstacy about two-pence for her trouble.

In

In general, we were better served by the women than the men on these occasions. The men seemed directed by a low sordid interest alone ; they seemed mere machines, and all their thoughts were employed in the care of their horses. If we gently desired them to make more speed, they took not the least notice ; kind language was what they had by no means been used to. It was proper to speak to them in the tones of anger, and sometimes it was even necessary to use blows, to excite them to their duty. How different these from the common people of England, whom a blow might induce to return the affront sevenfold ! These poor people, however, from being brought up to vile usage, lose all the respect which they should have for themselves. They have contracted an habit of regarding constraint as the great rule of their duty. When they were treated with mildness, they no longer continued to perceive a superiority. They fancied themselves our equals, and a continuance of our humanity might probably have rendered them insolent ; but the imperious tone, menaces, and blows, at once changed their sensations and their ideas : their ears and their shoulders taught their souls to shrink back into servitude, from which they had for some moments fancied themselves disengaged.

THE

THE enthusiasm of liberty an Englishman feels, is never so strong as when presented by such prospects as these. I must own, in all my indigence, it is one of my comforts (perhaps, indeed, it is my only boast) that I am of that happy country ; though I scorn to starve there ; though I do not chuse to lead a life of wretched dependence, or be an object for my former acquaintance to point at. While you enjoy all the ease and elegance of prudence and virtue, your old friend wanders over the world, without a single anchor to lay hold by, or a friend, except you, to confide in.

Yours, &c.

ESSAY

E S S A Y XXII*.

I CANNOT resist your solicitations, though it is possible I shall be unable to satisfy your curiosity. The polite of every country seem to have but one character. A gentleman of Sweden differs but little, except in trifles, from one of any other country. It is among the vulgar we are to find those distinctions which characterize a people, and from them it is that I take my picture of the Swedes.

THOUGH the Swedes in general appear to languish under oppression, which often renders others wicked, or of malignant dispositions, it has not, however, the same influence upon them, as they are faithful, civil, and incapable of atrocious crimes. Would you believe, that in Sweden

* This ESSAY was first published by our AUTHOR under the title of "A LETTER from a Gentleman on his Travels in SWEDEN; containing a Sketch of the Natives, and many Particulars relating to CHARLES XII. not generally known;" and dated "Stockholm, May 1768."

highway

highway robberies are not so much as heard of? For my part, I have not in the whole country seen a gibbet or a gallows. They pay an infinite respect to their ecclesiastics, whom they suppose to be the privy-councillors of Providence; while the latter, on their part, turn this credulity to their own advantage, and manage their parishioners as they please. In general, however, they seldom abuse their sovereign authority. Harkened to as oracles, regarded as the dispensers of eternal rewards and punishments, they readily influence their hearers into justice, and make them practical philosophers without the pains of study.

As to their persons, they are perfectly well made, and the men particularly have a very engaging air. The greatest part of the boys which I saw in the country had very white hair. They were as beautiful as Cupids, and there was something open and entirely happy in their little chubby faces. The girls, on the contrary, have neither such fair, nor such even complexions, and their features are much less delicate, which is a circumstance different from that of almost every other country. Besides this, it is observed that the women are generally afflicted with the itch, for which Scania is particularly remarkable. I had an instance

stance of this in one of the inns on the road. The hostess was one of the most beautiful women I have ever seen; she had so fine a complexion, that I could not avoid admiring it. But what was my surprize, when she opened her bosom in order to suckle her child, to perceive that seat of delight all covered with this disagreeable distemper! The careless manner in which she exposed to our eyes so disgusting an object, sufficiently testifies that they regard it as no very extraordinary malady, and seem to take no pains to conceal it. Such are the remarks, which probably you may think trifling enough, I have made in my journey to Stockholm, which, to take it all together, is a large, beautiful, and even populous city.

THE arsenal appears to me one of its greatest curiosities; it is an handsome spacious building, but, however, badly stored with the implements of war. To recompense this defect, they have almost filled it with trophies, and other marks of their former military glory. I saw there several chambers filled with Danish, Saxon, Polish, and Russian standards. There was at least enough to suffice half a dozen armies; but new standards are more easily made than new armies can be enlisted. I saw besides some very rich furniture,
and

and some of the crown jewels of great value ; but what principally engaged my attention, and touched me with passing melancholy, were the bloody, yet precious spoils of the two greatest heroes the North ever produced. What I mean are the clothes in which the great Gustavus Adolphus and the intrepid Charles XII. died, by a fate not unusual to Kings. The first, if I remember, is a sort of a buff waistcoat, made antique fashion, very plain, and without the least ornaments : the second, which was even more remarkable, consisted only of a coarse blue cloth coat, a large hat of less value, a shirt of coarse linen, large boots, and buff gloves made to cover a great part of the arm. His saddle, his pistols, and his sword have nothing in them remarkable ; the meanest soldier was in this respect no way inferior to his gallant monarch. I shall use this opportunity to give you some particulars of the life of a man already so well known, which I had from persons who knew him when a child, and who now, by a fate not unusual to courtiers, spend a life of poverty and retirement, and talk over in raptures all the actions of their old victorious King, companion, and master.

COURAGE and inflexible constancy formed the basis of this monarch's character. In his tenderest years

years he gave instances of both. When he was yet scarce seven years old, being at dinner with the Queen his mother, intending to give a bit of bread to a great dog he was fond of, this hungry animal snapped too greedily at the morsel, and bit his hand in a terrible manner. The wound bled copiously; but our young hero, without offering to cry, or taking the least notice of his misfortune, endeavoured to conceal what had happened, lest his dog should be brought into trouble, and wrapped his bloody hand in the napkin. The Queen, perceiving that he did not eat, asked him the reason. He contented himself with replying, that he thanked her, he was not hungry. They thought he was taken ill, and so repeated their solicitations; but all was in vain, though the poor child was already grown pale with the loss of blood. An officer, who attended at table, at last perceived it; for Charles would sooner have died than betrayed his dog, whom he knew intended no injury.

AT another time, when in the small-pox, and his case appeared dangerous, he grew one day very uneasy in his bed; and a gentleman who watched him, desirous of covering him up close, received from the patient a violent box on his ear.

ear. Some hours after, observing the prince more calm, he entreated to know how he had incurred his displeasure, or what he had done to have merited a blow. "A blow!" replied Charles, "I don't remember any thing of it; I remember, indeed, that I thought myself in the battle of Arbela, fighting for Darius, where I gave Alexander a blow which brought him to the ground."

WHAT great effects might not these two qualities of courage and constancy have produced, had they at first received a just direction! Charles, with proper instruction, thus naturally disposed, would have been the delight and the glory of his age. Happy those princes, who are educated by men who are at once virtuous and wise, and have been for some time in the school of affliction; who weigh happiness against glory, and teach their royal pupils the real value of fame; who are ever shewing the superior dignity of man to that of royalty; that a peasant who does his duty, is a nobler character than a King of even middling reputation! Happy, I say, were princes, could such men be found to instruct them! But those to whom such an education is generally intrusted, are men who themselves have acted in a sphere too high to know mankind. Puffed up
themselves

themselves with ideas of false grandeur, and measuring merit by adventitious circumstances of greatness, they generally communicate those fatal prejudices to their pupils, confirm their pride by adulation, or increase their ignorance by teaching them to despise that wisdom which is found among the poor.

BUT not to moralize, when I only intend a story; what is related of the journies of this prince is no less astonishing. He has sometimes been on horse-back for four-and-twenty hours successively, and thus traversed the greatest part of his kingdom. At last none of his officers were found capable of following him; he thus consequently rode the greatest part of these journies quite alone, without taking a moment's repose, and without any other subsistence but a bit of bread. In one of these rapid courses he underwent an adventure singular enough: riding thus post one day, all alone, he had the misfortune to have his horse fall dead under him. This might have embarrassed an ordinary man; but it gave Charles no sort of uneasiness. Sure of finding another horse, but not equally so of meeting with a good saddle and pistols, he ungirds his horse, claps the whole equipage on his own back, and, thus accoutred, marches on to the next inn, which by good fortune was

was not far off: entering the stable, he here found a horse entirely to his mind; so, without farther ceremony, he clapped on his saddle and housings with great composure, and was just going to mount, when the gentleman who owned the horse was apprized of a stranger's going to steal his property out of the stable. Upon asking the King, whom he had never seen, bluntly, how he presumed to meddle with his horse? Charles coolly replied, squeezing in his lips, which was his usual custom, that he took the horse because he wanted one; "for you see," continued he, "if I have none, I should be obliged to carry the saddle myself." This answer did not seem at all satisfactory to the gentleman, who instantly drew his sword. In this the King was not much behind-hand with him, and to it they were going, when the guards by this time came up, and testified that surprize which was natural, to see arms in the hand of a subject against his King. Imagine whether the gentleman was less surprized than they at his unpremeditated disobedience. His astonishment, however, was soon dissipated by the King, who, taking him by the hand, assured him he was a brave fellow, and himself would take care he should be provided for. This promise was afterwards fulfilled; and I have been assured the King made him a captain.

SPECIMENS
OF
CRITICISMS

BY DR. GOLDSMITH,

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCLIX.

25 FEBRUARY

1871

BY DR. GOLDSMITH

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

SPECIMENS
OF
CRITICISMS, &c.

OVID'S EPISTLES, *translated into English Verse ; with Critical Essays and Notes. Being Part of a Poetical and Oratorical Lecture read in the Grammar School of Ashford, in the County of Kent, and calculated to initiate Youth in the first Rudiments of Taste.* By ST. BARRETT, A. M. *Master of the said School.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. Richardson.

THE praise which is every day lavished upon Virgil, Horace, or Ovid, is often no more than an indirect method the Critic takes to compliment his own discernment. Their works have long been considered as models of beauty ; to praise them now, is only to shew the conformity of our taste to theirs : it tends not to advance their reputation, but to promote our own. Let us then dismiss, for the present, the pedantry of pænegyric ; Ovid needs it not, and we are not disposed to turn encomiasts on ourselves.

It will be sufficient to observe, that the multitude of translators which have attempted this

poet, serves to evince the number of his admirers; and their indifferent success, the difficulty of equaling his elegance or his ease.

DRYDEN, ever poor, and ever willing to be obliged, solicited the assistance of his friends for a translation of these Epistles. It was not the first time his miseries obliged him to call in happier bards to his aid; and to permit such to quarter their fleeting performances on the lasting merit of his name. This eleemosynary translation, as might well be expected, was extremely unequal, frequently unjust to the poet's meaning, almost always so to his fame. It was published without notes; for it was not at that time customary to swell every performance of this nature with comments and scholia. The reader did not then chuse to have the current of his passions interrupted, his attention every moment called off from pleasure only, to be informed why he was so pleased. It was not then thought necessary to lessen surprize by anticipation, and, like some spectators we have met at the play-house, to take off our attention from the performance, by telling, in our ear, what will follow next.

SINCE this united effort Ovid, as if born to misfortune, has undergone successive metamorphoses, being sometimes transposed by school-masters unacquainted with English, and sometimes trans-

transversed by ladies who knew no Latin : thus he has alternately worn the dress of a pedant or a rake ; either crawling in humble prose, or having his hints explained into unbashful meaning. Schoolmasters, who knew all that was in him except his graces, give the names of places and towns at full length, and he moves along stiffly in their literal versions, as the man who, as we are told in the Philosophical Transactions, was afflicted with an universal anchylosis. His female imitators, on the other hand, regarding the dear creature only as a lover, express the delicacy of his passion by the ardor of their own ; and if now and then he is found to grow a little too warm, and perhaps to express himself a little indelicately, it must be imputed to the more poignant sensations of his fair admirers. In a word, we have seen him stripped of all his beauties in the versions of Stirling and Clark, and talk like a debauchee in that of Mrs. ——— : but the sex should ever be sacred from criticism ; perhaps the ladies have a right to describe raptures which none but themselves can bestow.

A POET like Ovid, whose greatest beauty lies rather in expression than sentiment, must be necessarily difficult to translate. A fine sentiment may be conveyed several different ways, without im-

pairing its vigour ; but a sentence delicately expressed, will scarcely admit the least variation without losing beauty. The performance before us will serve to convince the public, that Ovid is more easily admired than imitated. The translator, in his notes, shews an ardent zeal for the reputation of his poet. It is possible too he may have felt his beauties : however, he does not seem possessed of the happy art of giving his feelings expression. If a kindred spirit, as we have often been told, must animate the translator, we fear the claims of Mr. Barrett will never receive a sanction in the heraldry of Parnassus.

His intentions, even envy must own, are laudable ; nothing less than to instruct boys, schoolmasters, grown gentlemen, the public, *in the principles of taste* (to use his own expression) both by precept and by example. His manner, it seems, is, ‘ to read a course of poetical lectures to his pupils one night in the week ; which, beginning with this author, running through select pieces of our own, as well as the Latin and Greek writers, and ending with Longinus, contributes *no little* towards forming their taste.’ *No little*, reader ; observe that ! From a person so perfectly master of the force of his own language, what may not be expected from his comments on the beauties of another ?

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BUT, in order to shew in what manner he has executed these intentions, it is proper he should first march in review as a poet. We shall select the first Epistle that offers, which is that from Penelope to Ulysses, observing before-hand, that the whole translation is a most convincing instance, that English words may be placed in Latin order, without being *wholly* unintelligible. Such forced transpositions serve at once to give an idea of the translator's learning, and of difficulties surmounted.

'This, still your wife, my ling'ring lord! I
send :

'Yet be your answer personal not penn'd.'

THESE lines seem happily imitated from Taylor the water-poet, who has it thus :

"To thee, dear Ursula, these lines I send,

"Not with my hand but with my heart they're
"penn'd.

BUT not to make a pause in the reader's pleasure, we proceed :

'Sunk now is Troy, the curse of Grecian
'dames !

'(Her king, her all, a worthless prize!) in
'flames.

- ‘ O had by storms (his fleet to Sparta bound)
 ‘ Th’ adult’rer perish’d in the *mad profound* !’

HERE seems some obscurity in the translation : we are at a loss to know what is meant by the *mad profound*. It can certainly mean neither Bedlam nor Fleet-ditch ; for though the epithet *mad* might agree with one, or *profound* with the other, yet when united they seem incompatible with either. The *profound* has frequently been used to signify bad verses ; and poets are sometimes said to be *mad* : who knows but Penelope wishes that Paris might have died in the very act of rhyming ; and as he was a shepherd, it is not improbable to suppose but that he was a poet also.

- ‘ Cold in a widow’d bed I ne’er had lay,
 ‘ Nor chid with weary eyes the ling’ring day.

Lay for *lain*, by the figure *Ginglimus*. Our translator makes frequent use of this figure.

- ‘ Nor the protracted nuptials to avoid,
 ‘ By night unravell’d what the day employ’d.

* * * * *

- ‘ When have not fancied dangers broke my rest ?
 ‘ Love, tim’rous passion ! rends the anxious breast.
 ‘ In thought I saw you each fierce Trojan’s aim ;
 ‘ Pale at the mention of bold Hector’s name !’

OVID makes Penelope shudder at the name of Hector. Our translator, with great propriety,
 trans-

transfers the fright from Penelope to Ulysses himself ; it is he who grows pale at the name of Hector : and well indeed he might ; for Hector is represented by Ovid, somewhere else, as a terrible fellow, and Ulysses as little better than a poltroon.

‘ Whose spear when brave Antilochus embu’d,
 ‘ By the dire news awoke, my fear renew’d.
 ‘ Clad in dissembled arms Patroclus died :
 ‘ And, “ Oh the fate of stratagem !” I cried.
 ‘ Tlepolemus, beneath the Lycian dart,
 ‘ His breath resign’d, and rous’d afresh my smart.
 ‘ Thus, when each Grecian press’d the bloody
 ‘ field,
 ‘ Cold icy horrors my fond bosom chill’d.’

HERE we may observe how epithets tend to strengthen the force of expression. First, her horrors are cold, and so far Ovid seems to think also ; but the translator adds, from himself, the epithet *icy*, to shew that they are still colder :—a fine climax of frigidity !

‘ But heaven indulgent to my chaste desire,
 ‘ Has wrapp’d (my husband safe) proud Troy in
 ‘ fire.’

THE reader may have already observed one or two instances of our translator’s skill, in parenthetically

thetically clapping one sentence within another. This contributes not a little to obscurity ; and obscurity, we all know, is nearly allied to admiration. Thus, when the reader begins a sentence which he finds pregnant with another, which still seems with a third, and so on, he feels the same surprize which a countryman does at Bartholomew-fair. Hocus shews a bag, in appearance empty ; flap, and out come a dozen new-laid eggs ; flap again, and the number is doubled : but what is his amazement, when it swells with the hen that laid them !

- ‘ The Grecian chiefs return, each altar shines,
- ‘ And spoils of Asia grace our native shrines.
- ‘ Gifts for their lords restor’d, the matrons bring ;
- ‘ They Trojan fates o’ercome, triumphant, sing ;
- ‘ Old men and trembling maids admire the songs,
- ‘ And wives hang, list’ning, on their husbands’
‘ tongues.’

CRITICS have expatiated in raptures on the delicate use the Ancients have made of the verb *pendere*. Virgil’s goats are described as hanging on the mountain-side ; the eyes of a lady hang on the looks of her lover. Ovid has increased the force of the metaphor, and describes the wife as
hanging

hanging on the lips of her husband. Our translator has gone still farther, and described the lady as pendent from his tongue.—A fine picture !

‘ Now, drawn in wine, fierce battles meets
 ‘ their eyes,
 ‘ And Ilion’s tow’rs in miniature arise :
 “ There stretch’d Sigeon plains, here Simois
 ‘ flow’d :
 “ And there old Priam’s lofty palace stood.
 “ Here Peleus’ son encamp’d, Ulysses there ;
 “ Here Hector’s corpse distain’d the rapid car.”
 ‘ Of this the Pylian sage, in quest of thee
 ‘ Embark’d, your son inform’d ; his mother he.’

If we were permitted to offer a correction upon the two last lines, we would translate them into plain English thus, still preserving the rhyme entire :

The Pylian sage inform’d your son embark’d in quest of thee,
 Of this, and he his mother, that is me.

‘ He told how Rhesus and how Dolon fell,
 ‘ By your wife conduct and Tydides’ steel ;
 ‘ That doom’d by heavy sleep oppress’d to die,
 ‘ And this prevented, a nocturnal spy !

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' Rash man ! unmindful what your friends you
' owe,

' Night's gloom to tempt, and brave a Thra-
' cian foe

' By one assisted in the doubtful strife ;

' To me how kind ! how provident of life !

' Still throb'd my breast, 'till, victor, from the
' plain,

' You join'd, on Thracian steeds, th' allies again.

' But what to me avails high Ilium's fall,

' Or soil continued o'er its ruin'd wall,

' If still, as when it stood, my wants remain ;

' If still I wish you in these arms in vain ?

' Troy sack'd to others, yet to me remains,

' Tho' Greeks, with captive oxen, till her plains,

' Ripe harvests bend, where once her turrets
' stood ;

' Rank is her soil, manur'd with Phrygian blood.

' Harsh, on the plow, men's bones half buried
' found,

' And grass each ruin'd mansion hides around.

' Yet, hid in distant climes, my conq'ror stays ;

' Unknown the cause of these severe delays !

' No foreign merchant to our isle resorts,

' But question'd much of you, he leaves our
' ports ;

' Hence

‘ Hence each departing sail a letter bears,
 ‘ To speak (if you are found) my anxious cares.

‘ Our son to Pylos cut the briny wave ;
 ‘ But Nestor’s self a dubious answer gave :
 ‘ To Sparta next ;—nor ev’n could Sparta tell
 ‘ What seas you plow, or in what region dwell.

‘ Better had stood Apollo’s sacred wall :
 ‘ O could I now my former wish recal !
 ‘ War my sole dread, the scene I then should
 ‘ know ;
 ‘ And thousands then would share the common
 ‘ woe :
 ‘ But all things now, not knowing what to fear,
 ‘ I dread ; and give too large a field to care.
 ‘ Whole lists of dangers, both by land and sea,
 ‘ Are muster’d, to have caus’d so long delay.

‘ But while your conduct thus I fondly clear,
 ‘ Perhaps (true man !) you court some foreign
 ‘ fair ;
 ‘ Perhaps you rally your domestic loves,
 ‘ Whose art the snowy fleece alone improves.
 ‘ No !——may I err, and start at false alarms ;
 ‘ May nought but force detain you from my
 ‘ arms.

‘ Urg’d by a father’s right again to wed,
 ‘ Firm I refuse, still faithful to your bed !

' Still let him urge the fruitless vain design ;
 ' I am—I must be—and I will be thine.
 ' Tho' melted by my chaste desires, of late
 ' His rig'rous importunities abate.

' Of teasing suitors a luxurious train,
 ' From neighb'ring isles have cross'd the liquid
 ' plain.
 ' Here uncontroul'd th' audacious crews resort,
 ' Rifle your wealth, and revel in your court.
 ' Pisander, Polibus, and Medon, lead,
 ' Antinoüs and Eurymachus succeed,
 ' With others, whose rapacious throats devour
 ' The wealth you purchas'd once, distain'd with
 ' gore.
 ' Melanthius add, and Irus, hated name !
 ' A beggar rival to complete our shame.

' Three, helpless three ! are here ; a wife not
 ' strong,
 ' A fire too aged, and a son too young,
 ' He late, *by fraud*, imbark'd for Pylos' shore,
 ' *Nigh from* my arms for ever had been tore.'

THESE two lines are replete with beauty; *nigh*, which implies approximation, and *from*, which implies distance, are, to use our translator's expressions, drawn as it were up in line of battle. *Tore* is put for *torn*, that is, torn by fraud from her

her arms; not that her son played truant and embarked by fraud, as a reader who does not understand Latin might be apt to fancy.

'Heaven grant the youth survive each parents'
'date,
'And no cross chance reverse the course of fate!
'Your nurse and herdsman join this wish of
'mine,
'And the just keeper of your bristly swine.'

OUR translator observes in a note, that 'the simplicity expressed in these lines is so far from being a blemish, that it is, in fact, a very great beauty; and the modern critic who is offended with the mention of a *stye*, however he may pride himself upon his false delicacy, is either too short-sighted to penetrate into real nature, or has a stomach too nice to digest the noblest reliques of antiquity.' He means, no doubt, to digest an hog-stye; but, antiquity apart, we doubt if even Powel the fire-eater, himself, could bring his appetite to relish so unsavory a repast.

'By age your fire disarm'd, and wasting woes,
'The helm resigns, amidst surrounding foes.
'This may your son resume (when years allow);
'But oh! a father's aid is wanted now.
'Nor have I strength his title to maintain,
'Haste then, our only refuge, o'er the main.'

'A son,

- ' A son, and long may heaven the blessing
 ' grant,
 ' You have, whose years a fire's instructions
 ' want.
 ' Think how Laertes drags an age of woes,
 ' In hope that you his dying eyes may close.
 ' And I, left youthful in my early bloom,
 ' Shall aged seem, how soon foe'er you come.'

BUT let not the reader imagine we can find pleasure in thus exposing absurdities, which are too ludicrous for serious reproof. While we censure as critics, we feel as men, and could sincerely wish that those, whose greatest sin is, perhaps, the venial one of writing bad verses, would regard their failure in this respect as we do, not as faults but foibles; they may be good and useful members of society, without being poets. The regions of taste can be travelled only by a few, and even those often find indifferent accommodation by the way. Let such as have not got a passport from nature be content with happiness, and leave the poet the unrivalled possession of his misery, his garret, and his fame.

WE have of late seen the republic of letters crowded with some, who have no other pretensions to applause but industry, who have no other merit
 but

but that of reading many books, and making long quotations : these we have heard extolled by sympathetic dunces, and have seen them carry off the rewards of genius ; while others, who should have been born in better days, felt all the wants of poverty, and the agonies of contempt. Who then that has a regard for the public, for the literary honours of our country, for the figure we shall one day make among posterity, that would not chuse to see such humbled as are possessed only of talents that might have made good cobblers, had fortune turned them to trade. Should such prevail, the real interests of learning must be in a reciprocal proportion to the power they possess. Let it be then the character of our periodical endeavours, and hitherto we flatter ourselves it has ever been, not to permit an ostentation of learning pass for merit, nor to give a pedant quarter upon the score of his industry alone, even tho' he took refuge behind Arabic, or powdered his hair with hieroglyphics. Authors thus censured may accuse our judgment or our reading if they please, but our own hearts will acquit us of envy or ill-nature, since we reprove only with a desire to reform.

BUT we had almost forgot that our translator is to be considered as a critic as well as a poet ; and in this department he seems also equally unsuccessful

successful with the former. Criticism at present is different from what it was upon the revival of taste in Europe; all its rules are now well known; the only art at present is, to exhibit them in such lights, as contribute to keep the attention alive, and excite a favourable audience. It must borrow graces from eloquence, and please while it aims at instruction: but, instead of this, we have a combination of trite observations, delivered in a style in which those who are disposed to make war upon words, will find endless opportunities of triumph.

He is sometimes hypercritical. Thus, p. 9.
 ‘Pope, in his excellent Essay on Criticism (as
 ‘will, in its place, when you come to be lectured
 ‘upon it, at full be explained) terms this making
 ‘the sound an echo to the sense. But I apprehend
 ‘that definition takes in but a part; for the best
 ‘ancient poets excelled, in thus painting to the
 ‘eye as well as to the ear. Virgil, describing his
 ‘house-wife preparing her wine, exhibits the act
 ‘of the fire to the eye;

“Aut dulcis musti Vulcano decoquit humorem,
 “Et foliis undam trepidi dispumat aheni;”

‘for the line (if I may be allowed the expression)
 ‘boils over; and, in order to reduce it to its pro-
 ‘per

'per bounds, you must, with her, skim off the
'redundant syllable.'—These are beauties which,
doubtless, the reader is displeased he cannot discern.

SOMETIMES confused: 'There is a *deal* of
'artful and concealed satire in what Oenone
'throws out against Helen; and to speak truth,
'there was fair scope for it, and it might naturally
'be expected. Her chief design was to render
'his new mistress suspected of meretricious arts,
'and make him apprehensive that she would here-
'after be as ready to leave him for some new gal-
'lant, as she had before, perfidiously to her law-
'ful husband, followed him.'

SOMETIMES contradictory: thus, p. 3. 'Style
'(says he) is used by some writers as synonymous
'with diction; yet in my opinion it has rather
'a complex sense, including both sentiment and
'diction.' Oppose to this p. 135. 'As to con-
'cord, and even style, they are acquirable by most
'youth in due time, and by many with ease; but
'the art of thinking properly, and chusing the
'best sentiments on every subject, is what comes
'later.'

AND sometimes he is guilty of false criticism:
as when he says, Ovid's chief excellence lies in
description. Description was the rock on which
he

he always split ; *Nescivit quod bene cessit relinquere*, as Seneca says of him ; when once he embarks in description, he most commonly tires us before he has done with it. But to tire no longer the reader, or the translator, with extended censure : as a critic, this gentleman seems to have drawn his knowledge from the remarks of others, and not his own reflection : as a translator, he understands the language of Ovid, but not his beauties ; and though he may be an excellent school-master, he has, however, no pretensions to taste.

FEMALE

FEMALE CONDUCT : *Being an Essay on the Art of Pleasing. To be practised by the Fair Sex before and after Marriage. A Poem in Two Books, Inscribed to PLAUTILLA.* By THOMAS MARRIOTT, Esq. 8vo. 4s. 6d. Owen. 1759.

THIS performance is dedicated to Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, as the distinguished pattern of female virtue. In the preface the author gives some account of the poem, and endeavours to anticipate the malevolence of the critics. He expresses apprehension on one subject, which, however, we will venture to say is groundless ; that is, *some people will say he is too much a poet.* He might also have spared his apology for having used *every art of persuasion and argument, either by repetition, amplification, tale, fable, example, or allegory, and every pleasing manner of conveying precepts and enforcing doctrine.* Mr. Marriott needs no excuse for that which cannot be displeasing. This poem, we are informed, is intended for the use and amusement of the female sex only ; and the author hopes the salutary precepts and precautions it contains, may prove an antidote to the poison of Ovid, and all modern productions of the like pernicious nature. We hope so too, and commend the author for the morality of his undertaking.

PREFIxED

PREFIXED to the poem we find an Ode on the Death of the Duke of Marlborough, together with an Imitation of the Eighth Ode of the Fourth Book of Horace, intended to be sent to his Grace at the Beginning of the New Year. In this piece the most remarkable circumstance is this : Mr. Marriott thinking Horace begins and ends too abruptly, has ventured to introduce the original with two Latin lines of his own composition, and added six, at the end, to render Horace more complete. He might, however, have saved himself the trouble of lacing his own lines in the margin : the reader would have distinguished them without this precaution. Perhaps the public may be curious to see this improvement on a Roman classic. He begins then in this manner :

‘ Annus quando novus nascitur, illius
 ‘ Natalisque Dies orbe revolvitur ;’ —

HE concludes thus :

‘ Orco, Musa, pios eripiens nigro,
 ‘ Arces, carminibus, tollit ad igneas ;
 ‘ Nomen grande tuum fiet amabilis
 ‘ Vatum materies, Musa tuis dabit
 ‘ Mercedem meritis, Te faciet Sacrum,
 ‘ Sublimem, astra super, Te vehet, ardua.’

THE poem itself is divided into two books, and contains many curious particulars. His account of Portia's death is very sublime :

‘ Fam'd

‘Fam’d Portia, worthy of her mate, and fire,
 ‘Expreſs’d ſuch friendship, when ſhe ſwallow’d
 ‘fire ;
 ‘Soon as ſhe heard of her dear Brutus’ death,
 ‘Her comfort breathleſs, ſhe diſdain’d to breathe ;
 ‘Each inſtrument of death to her deny’d,
 “Shall Portia be debarr’d from death ?” ſhe
 cry’d,
 ‘Then drank live embers, and intrepid dy’d.’

WE with Mr. Marriott would explain the manner in which the ancients *drank live embers*.

In page 59 he candidly owns, that he has laboured hard in bringing this poem to perfection :

‘Hear me, fair pupil, nor deſpiſe the bard
 ‘Whoſe muſe for your inſtruction *labours hard*.’

In the next page we meet with this curious paradox :

‘Her witty child let the fond mother boaſt,
 ‘You ſhew moſt wit, when you conceal it moſt.’

THIS, for aught we know, may be the author’s own caſe; for he ſeems to have a particular knack at concealing his wit.

THERE

THERE is something so agreeable, yet familiar, in his precepts !

—‘ Red heels, a wise man’s head will ridicule’—

—‘ From smart cock’d hat, let no vain streamers
‘ fly’—

—‘ I only warn you——ne’er your teeth neglect,
‘ White teeth will make amends for each defect.

—‘ To singing add the force of music too.’——
This is a very necessary injunction ; for it is very common to hear singing without music.

‘ Make not your houses Babels, ah ! no more
‘ Let num’rous torches smear th’ indecent door !’

—‘ A curtsy makes impresson, if made well,
‘ Learn then to curtsy with an air genteel.’

RATHER than pick out any more flowers of this kind, with which the poem abounds, we will make a few extracts, from which the poet’s genius may be more justly estimated.

‘ Let no provoking words your wrath attend,
‘ Left passion should in dire disaster end ;
‘ How tragical had been Xantippe’s fate,
‘ Had Socrates not been her patient mate !
‘ You may just hint a fault, while you commend
‘ His well-known merit, like a faithful friend ;

‘ If

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'If distant hints from you he'll not receive,
'Desist, no curtain-lectures to him give ;
'Think not to tame him, like the savage beast,
'By oft disturbing his nocturnal rest ;
'Tho' much he may repeated lessons need,
'Sacred to concord is the genial bed ;
'Thence far be sour contention's jarring noise !
'There dwell, in silence, reconciling joys ;
'There love's bright lamp is fed with new desire,
'Rekindled there, it never will expire.

'ONCE I, thro' thin partition, chanc'd to hear
'A curtain-lecture, with astonish'd ear ;
'It wak'd, and scar'd me, in the dead of night,
'Ere I my senses could recover quite ;
'It sounded like a spirit's plaintive voice,
'So dire the sound, so solemn was the noise ;
'Trembling I heard, nor dar'd to ope my eyes,
'Lest I might view a horrid spectre rise.
'Soon I perceiv'd it was a woman's tongue,
'Rehearsing to her mate each nuptial wrong ;
'Obdurate he, and stupid, as a dunce,
'Heard unconcern'd, nor interrupted once ;
'Till faint, and spent, she falter'd in her speech,
'And, quite exhausted, could no longer preach ;
'When her speech fail'd, she soon began to cry,
'And ev'ry tear had its attendant sigh.
'Then he, to aggravate each nuptial wrong,
'Wish'd death would silence soon her clam'rous
'tongue.

' Thus

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' Thus ev'ry curtain-lecture, preach'd in vain,
' Gives to the preacher, not the hearer, pain.
' To hint a fault, requires the nicest touch,
' The pride of self-sufficient man is such ;
' Few with good grace can give or take advice,
' So few think others than themselves more
 ' wife.

' Their faults the wisest are averse to hear,
' Touch gently, lest you hurt a tender ear.

 ' LET modest graces sanctify your face,
 ' Let virgin blushes still the matron grace.
 ' Smile on gay innocence, with awful mien
 ' Frown on licentious wit, and jest obscene.
 ' As man's in courage, woman's honour lies
 ' In chastity correcting wanton vice.
 ' Too soon familiar to your consort's eye,
 ' Your charms will lose the grace of novelty, }
 ' Let delicacy still that loss supply.
 ' Tho' ev'ry charm forsake your fading frame,
 ' Yet let your modesty remain the same ;
 ' Nor be too delicate, and over-nice,
 ' For too much delicacy hurts the wife ;
 ' Conceal whatever may distaste create,
 ' Let your dress please, attractive, clean, and
 ' neat ;
 ' Dress not your person in your consort's sight ;
 ' When dressing, you offend; when dress'd, invite.
 ' Half-

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‘ Half-drest, in her short petticoat I view’d,
‘ By chance, the nymph who had my heart
‘ subdu’d;
‘ In this disguise, so lost was ev’ry charm,
‘ Is turn’d to ridicule her beauteous form.
‘ Is this the virgin, to myself I said,
‘ Who can so charm me in full dress array’d?
‘ Actors conceal from the spectators’ eyes,
‘ Behind the scenes, what lessens their surprize;
‘ Our ears the instrument, when tuning, grates,
‘ When tun’d, the raptur’d soul it elevates.
‘ Art’s fine connections could we plainly see,
‘ Less would our wonder and our pleasure be.’

He concludes the book with the following imitation of Virgil at the close of his Georgics.

‘ Retir’d in rural shades, I sung these lays,
‘ That teach a maid, and wife, the art to please.
‘ While Marlbro’ executes what George com-
‘ mands,
‘ And British thunder pours on Gallic lands;
‘ While glowing with hereditary fires,
‘ To his great fire’s atchievements he aspires;
‘ Then I, at Hillingdon, unknown to fame,
‘ Strove by this song to gain a poet’s name;
‘ Intent on study, in ignoble ease,
‘ To please still striving, while I teach to please.

- ' If this song pleases, teaching moral truth,
 * ' I'll print the sportive verses of my youth ;
 ' When I, O Horace ! bold with youthful fire,
 ' Attun'd to British notes thy Roman lyre ;
 ' More bold than when thou didst, with em'lous
 ' flights,
 ' Soar to Alcaic and Pindaric heights ;
 ' Or when thou didst, in numbers sweet, transfuse
 ' fuse
 ' The softer spirit of the Sapphic muse.'

To draw a comparison between OVID and our bard, we may observe, that as one performance of the former was stiled *Tristia* from the subject, so this production may deserve the same title from the execution, and be justly denominated MARRIOTT'S *Tristia*.

- * ' The author here refers to several verses, which he writ
 ' in his younger days, on various occasions, in English
 ' and Latin : and also to several odes, satires, and epistles
 ' of Horace, which he then modernized.'

The Twentieth Epistle of HORACE to His Book Modernized by the AUTHOR of FEMALE CONDUCT, and applied to his own Book, and intended as an Answer to the Remarks on his Book made by the Writer of the CRITICAL REVIEW, and by the Writer of the MONTHLY REVIEW. 8vo. Price 6d. Owen.

It was once a debate among casuists, which we **I** could wish to see revived, whether the contempt offered to great men in disguise ought justly to be resented by them as injurious. After much reasoning upon the matter, Escobar at length determines, that as men, they have a right to resent; but as great men, they are obliged to forgiveness. This last part of the argument is so applicable to our present purpose, that we cannot avoid urging it in the strongest manner, in expostulating with the great man with whom we are at present unhappily embroiled. We have a right to be forgiven, because we now at last acknowledge the dignity of him from whom (impressed with terror as we are) we ask forgiveness.

A FEW months ago a poem entitled *Female Conduct* came from the press, published in the usual manner, without one single mark of the author's importance, and we in our usual manner found some-

thing in it to praise, and something to reprove. At this time we knew very little of Mr. Marriott, and, in the sincerity of our hearts, wished his dull well-meaning efforts success. Soon, however, it was found, that in talking of him we were all in the wrong box, nor paid him half that deference which he claimed as his due. The pamphlet before us, wrote in all the fury of resentment, tells us all about him. By this we are informed, but alas, too late for redress ! that Mr. Marriott is tall ; that he is rich ; that he is thin and lean ; that he laughs when the sun shines ; and lastly, that he is the very man who took the two Gregories. Why could he not have told us all this when he published his first pamphlet ? No ; he slips it out upon the world in obscurity, and, like Peter the Great, is resolved to quarrel with every creature that does not pay homage to his greasy greatness in disguise. Had he put but half what the present pamphlet contains into the preface of the former, it were easy to have clapped on a pair of prudential spectacles, and read his poetry into rhyme ; for he may be convinced that we sooner would have eaten gunpowder, than have meddled with the author who took the two Gregories.

THOUGH this performance was opened with a thorough resolution not to lose our temper upon the perusal, yet we find it so severe, that we kin-
dle

dle as we read. It is all an orange stuffed with cloves : when fatigued of scolding in prose, he has recourse to rhyme ; and when he has teized us sufficiently with English verse, he takes up the cudgels in Latin. All are alike to him, back-sword, single falchion, or quarter-staff ; he wields them all with equal dexterity, and no favour. Now he calls us scribblers, anon minor critics, then dull critics, bad-hearted critics. This sure is not polite ; yet all this might be born, but who can be calm when he calls us Bavius ? Yes, dear reader, he actually calls us all Bavius ! Ah, little did we think, that while we censured the writer of FEMALE CONDUCT, we were only raising the indignation of the author who took the two Gregories.

YET shall it be left to his own breast, whether he deals candidly with us or the public. He first writes bad verses, and next he tells the world he does not desire a reputation for poetry. This is very modest, either way. Would not any one be induced from such a performance, and with such an invitation, to speak his sentiments without shrinking ? In an evil hour we took the author at his word, pitied his performance, and gave him a discharge from Parnassus at his own request ; and yet, oh ingratitude ! here we have him in a violent passion for our pains. This author is surely a

fly one. He invites us to a feast, tells us we are heartily welcome to fall to, and yet is virulently angry with us for eating. Does this become the patron of virtue, this become the avowed champion of the fair sex? Does this become the man who has fought, and consequently vanquished gamesters, methodists, and Bolingbroke? O Vartue, Vartue, to what will this degenerate age at length arrive, when the very man who gives a morsel of bread with one hand, picks it from our teeth with the other!

By this time the reader, perhaps, desires to see how our poet treats us in rhyme; and though, by quoting him, we propagate our own disgrace, yet will we be just to him and the public. The Epistle in view is from the Author to his own Book. Let us suppose him sitting like the Man in the Primmer in his arm-chair, thus addressing the manuscript, which he holds between his finger and thumb: "My little book," says he, "you have an eye or a mind to——"—But take it in his own words:

' My book, you have an eye to Temple-bar,
That you may trim in Owen's shop appear;
That you with gilded ornaments may shine,
Polish'd without, and delicate within.

You

You hate the close restraint of lock and key,
 Which to a modest book would grateful be.—
 But go from me forewarn'd, this lesson learn,
 When gone from me you never can return *.
 When this shall happen, I (who in your ear
 Instill'd good counsel which you would not hear)
 In your distress will scornful laugh at you,
 Like him who down a rock in anger threw
 The ass that would not his commands pursue. }
 Who'll strive against his will to save a fool,
 Whom friendly admonitions can't control ?'

THE reader at length smokes the champion we
 have to deal with ; he will observe what strength
 of thought and diction, and what a flow of poetry
 are here ! A piddling reader, it is certain, might
 object to almost all the rhymes of the above quota-
 tion ; but the less rhyme the more like blank verse,
 and all know that Milton wrote without such a re-
 straint : but if any reader is for having the above
 quotation to be rhyme, he has nothing more to do
 than to read it poetically. Let *key*, for instance,
 be called *kee*, and then it rhymes with *be* ; and let
fool be called *fole*, and then it answers *control* in
 the next line. By this means the poetry, which

We are afraid there is a mistake here, being informed
 a large bale of this work was sent to Hillingdon for waste
 aper. O——N GREGORY, jun.

our author, no doubt, meant for blank verse, may serve for either.

WE have here given but a taste of our bard's performance ; those who are pleased with it may indulge themselves to satiety, in a publication, which he promises shortly, of several other modernized works of this kind. We shall beg leave, in all friendship only, to offer this unconquered champion the following motto to his future production :

Κην με φωνης επι ριζαν ομως επι καρποφορῶν :

The

The Genuine Remains in Verse and Prose of Mr.

SAMUEL BUTLER, *Author of Hudibras. Published from the original Manuscripts, formerly in the Possession of W. LONGUEVILLE, Esq. with Notes by R. THYER, Keeper of the Public Library at Manchester. In 2 Vols. 8vo. Price 10s. J. and R. Tonson.*

WHEN we consider BUTLER merely as a poet, and a party poet too; and reflect that poets, in our own time, have been known to excel in one species of composition, and yet have been useless in all other purposes of life, and ignorant in all other pursuits of learning; we bewail, but we are not greatly surpris'd at, the indigence in which we are told he lived and died. But when we view him by the light in which this publication places him, we are struck with somewhat next to horror at the want of discernment, at the more than barbarous ingratitude, of his contemporaries. When we see him join the humour of Lucian to the philosophy of Plato, and unite the virtue of Socrates with the wit of Aristophanes; when he displays an equal knowledge of men and books; when he adapts reading to reasoning, and all in the cause of liberty and religion, we are apt

to bewail, not only the disgrace, but the loss of our country, that could suffer such a person to be, in a manner, dead to society.

TILL the pieces before us were published, Swift could, with some appearance of justice, have disputed with Butler the palm of wit, humour, and observation of life. But we are of opinion, that the question must be now, by the discerning and impartial part of the public, decided in Butler's favour. We cannot, however, say of all the pieces of this collection, as Ovid does of the chariot of the sun, *materiam superat opus*; for here many of the materials are rich, but the workmanship is rough: they look like pieces of the most precious metal, when they first come out of a beautiful mould, but without the finishing and heightenings that the hand and the tools of the artist can bestow. Many of them bear manifest indications of genius labouring, but not crushed, under indigence; while some of them have received all the polish that art and judgement can bestow.

THE editor has performed his duty with great pertinency, yet modesty, of observation; and this publication is far from being one of those catchpenny subscription-works, which, circulating
from

from one good-natured friend to another, at last picks the pockets of the public. We are tempted to wish, however, that Mr. Thyer's studies had led him a little more, than they seem to have done, into those piddling walks of pamphlet and polemical reading, from which alone can be drawn the illustrations of many dark passages of his admirable author ; nor can we think he has been always happy in his conjectures.

THROUGH great part of the two volumes before us, we perceive that Butler was no friend to the Royal Society, and the method of philosophising in fashion in his time ; and indeed, as Mr. Thyer observes with great truth, one must own, that the members of that learned body, at their first setting out, did justly lay themselves open to the lashes of wit and satire.

THE first poem in this collection is entitled, *The Elephant in the Moon*, and is planned upon a humorous story of a mouse getting into a telescope with which the virtuosos were viewing the moon, and which they instantly pronounced to be an elephant in the moon. This story, which is full of Butler's humour, is told at first in short, and then in long, verse, but generally in the same terms and terminations of rhyme. Each consists of between five and six hundred lines.

THE poem which follows is entitled *A Satire upon the Weakness and Misery of Man*, and bears the stamp not only of genius but virtue; with such characteristics of the latter as are impossible to be counterfeited: as for the former, they speak for themselves. In short, this is perhaps the finest and the justest satire that any language can produce; and the whole of it has those marks of virtuous indignation, which prove that the poet speaks from the heart. This indignation is levelled equally against the court of Charles II. as against the fanatics; and the reader is grossly mistaken if he imagines, that because Butler was author of *Hudibras*, he favoured either the politics or the manners of the court, to which his writings were so serviceable in its distress.

THE Satire in question, in enumerating the outward circumstances that create the weakness and misery of man, has the following lines:

‘ Yet, as no barbarousness beside
Is half so barbarous as pride,
Nor any prouder insolence
Than that, which has the least pretence,
We are so wretched, to profess
A glory in our wretchedness;

To

To vapour fillily, and rant
 Of our own misery and want,
 And grow vain-glorious on a score
 We ought much rather to deplore,
 Who, the first moment of our lives,
 Are but condemn'd and given reprieves ;
 And our greatest grace is not to know,
 When we shall pay 'em back, nor how,
 Begotten with a vain caprich,
 And live as vainly to that pitch.

' Our *pains* are real things, and all
 Our *pleasures* but fantastical ;
Diseases of their own accord,
 But *cures* come difficult and hard ;
 Our noblest *piles* and stateliest *rooms*
 Are but out-houses to our *tombs* ;
Cities, though e'er so great and brave,
 But mere ware-houses to the *grave* ;
 Our * *bravery's* but a vain disguise,
 To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
 The remedy of a defect,
 With which our nakedness is deckt ;
 Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,
 As if w' had gain'd by being lost.'

AFTER some other very fine reflections of the
 same

* Finery.

same cast, he concludes in the following noble and spirited strain :

‘ That *wealth* that bounteous *Fortune* sends
As presents to her dearest friends,
Is oft laid out upon a purchase
Of two yards long in *parish-churches* ;
And those too happy men that bought it,
Had liv’d, and happier too, without it.
For what does vast *wealth* bring, but *cheat*,
Law, *luxury*, *disease*, and *debt*,
Pain, *pleasure*, *discontent*, and *sport*,
An easy-troubled life, and short * ?

* ‘ Though this Satire seems fairly transcribed for the press, yet on a vacancy in the sheet opposite to this line, I find the following verses, which probably were intended to be added: but as they are not regularly inserted, I chuse rather to give them by way of note.

“ For men ne’er digg’d so deep into
“ The bowels of the earth below,
“ For metals that are found to dwell
“ Near neighbour to the pit of hell,
“ And have a magic pow’r to sway
“ The greedy souls of men that way ;
“ But with their bodies have been fain
“ To fill those trenches up again ;
“ When bloody battles have been fought
“ For sharing that which they took out.
“ For wealth is all things, that conduce
“ To man’s destruction, or his use ;
“ A standard both to buy and sell
“ All things from heaven down to hell.”

‘ But

' But all these *plagues* are nothing near
 Those far more cruel and severe,
 Unhappy man takes pains to find
 T' inflict himself upon his *mind*;
 And out of his own bowels spins
 A rack and torture for his sins:
 Torments himself, in vain, to know
 That most, which he can never do;
 And the more strictly 'tis denied,
 The more he is unsatisfied;
 Is busy in finding *scruples* out,
 To languish in eternal *doubt*;
 Sees *spectres* in the dark, and *ghosts*,
 And starts, as horses do at posts;
 And when his eyes assist him least,
 Discerns such subtle objects best:
 On hypothetic *dreams* and *visions*
 Grounds everlasting disquisitions,
 And raises endless controversies
 On vulgar *theorems* and *hearsays*;
 Grows positive and confident
 In things so far beyond th' extent
 Of human sense, he does not know
 Whether they be at all, or no;
 And doubts as much in things, that are
 As plainly evident, and clear:
 Disdains all useful sense, and plain,
 T' apply to th' intricate and vain;

And

And cracks his brains in plodding on
That, which is never to be known ;
To pose himself with subtleties,
And hold no other knowledge wise ;
Although the subtler all things are,
They're but to *nothing* the more near ;
And the less weight they can sustain,
The more he still lays on in vain ;
And hangs his *soul* upon as nice
And subtle *curiosities*,
As one of that vast multitude,
That on a needle's point have stood :
Weighs *right* and *wrong*, and *true* and *false*,
Upon as nice and subtle *scales*,
As those that turn upon a plane
With th' hundredth part of half a grain ;
And still the subtler they move,
The sooner false and useless prove.
So *man*, that thinks to force and strain
Beyond its natural sphere his *brain*,
In vain torments it on the rack,
And, for improving, sets it back ;
Is ignorant of his own extent,
And that to which his aims are bent ;
Is lost in both, and breaks his *blade*
Upon the *anvil*, where 'twas made :
For as *abortions* cost more pain
Than *vig'rous births* ; so all the vain

And

And weak productions of man's wit,
That aim at purposes unfit,
Require more drudgery, and worse
Than those of strong and lively force.'

THE Satire that follows is, what the author calls in long verse, and is upon the licentious age of Charles II. contrasted with the puritanical one that preceded it. In this satire, which is the sequel of the former, we have the following masterly lines :

' For those, who heretofore sought private holes,
Securely in the dark to damn their souls,
Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal
And slink away, in masquerade, to hell,
Now bring their crimes into the open sun,
For all mankind to gaze their worst upon,
As eagles try their young against his rays,
To prove, if they're of generous breed, or base;
Call *heav'n* and *earth* to witness, how they've
aim'd

With all their utmost vigour to be damn'd ?

SPEAKING of Example,

' *Example*, that imperious *dictator*
Of all that's good or bad to human nature ;
By which the world's corrupted, and reclaim'd,
Hopes to be sav'd, and studies to be damn'd ;
That reconciles all contrarieties,
Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise.'

Then

THEN follows a Satire upon Gaming.

THE Satire that follows is, we dare say, addressed to Sir William Davenant, whose name our editor has been so delicate as to suppress, and is a piece of sterling wit. Speaking of rhyme and sense, he says,

'I, whom a lewd caprich (for some great crime
I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
With slavish obstinacy vex my brain
To reconcile 'em; but, alas ! in vain.
Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack,
And, when I would say *white*, the verse says black,
When I would praise an author, the untoward
Damn'd sense says Virgil, but the rhyme *—'

SPEAKING of the plague of rhyme, Mr. Pope has nothing in all his works more spirited and musical than the following lines :

'Without this plague, I freely might have spent
My happy days with leisure and content ;
Had nothing in the world to do, or think,
Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink ;
Had past my time as pleasantly away,
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.

• Ned Howard.

My

My soul that's free from care, and fear, and hope,
Knows how to make her own ambition stoop.'

HE concludes the Epistle with the following lines:

'Thou then, that see'st how ill I spend my time,
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme;
And, if th' instructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach *Davenant* how ne'er to write again.'

THE next poem that follows, entitled *Repartees between Cat and Puss at a Caterwauling, in the Modern Heroic Way*, is levelled at the rhyme-plays of Dryden (for we cannot think with Mr. Thyer, that Butler could throw his eye so low as upon Settle) and some other writers of otherwise good note; but it is supported with such exquisite humour, and with so just a spirit of ridicule, that it cannot admit of any quotations. Meanwhile we think, that in this poem we can discover some seeds that were transplanted into the *Rehearsal*, or from the *Rehearsal* into it.

THE Satire that follows is upon our ridiculous imitation of the French, and is worthy of the author of *Hudibras*. The next Poem is inscribed to the famous Ned Howard; and till now has always been given to Waller, and printed in his works. Then follows a palinody to the same gen-

gentleman, in the like vein of wit and humour. The conclusion of the next Satire, which is upon Drunkenness, is so inimitably fine, and so much in Butler's manner, that we must give it to the reader.

‘So Noah, when he anchor’d safe on
The mountain’s top, his lofty haven,
And all the passengers, he bore,
Were on the new world set ashore,
He made it next his chief design
To plant and propagate a vine,
Which since has overwhelm’d and drown’d
Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
Of wretched mankind, one by one,
Than all the *Flood* before had done.’

THE poem that follows is entitled, *A Satire on Marriage*, but is, in fact, levelled against Adultery. It is but crude, though charged with our author's spirit, as are the three following poems wrote in Pindaric-ode measures; one upon an *Hypocritical Non-conformist*; the next upon *Modern Critics*; and the third, *To the Happy Memory of the most renowned Du-Val, the highwayman*. This last had been published in the author's life-time. We are sorry Mr. Thyer, in a note upon this Ode, should have been so ill-informed, as to com-
pare

pare the fate of Maclean, the modern highway-man, to that of Du Val, in being beloved and lamented by the English ladies. We can assure him seriously, that the fact is false, and all the stories on that head were mere inventions. By the by, Du Val was remarkably handsome, and Maclean was as remarkably ugly.

THE Satire by way of panegyric upon Sir John Denham, and the many severe touches of our author in other parts of his works against that gentleman, must have been founded upon some personal quarrel or disgust, as Mr. Thyer rightly observes. Amongst other things, Sir John is accused of having bought his Cooper's Hill, and of having borrowed the Sophy. But charges of that kind, if not supported by some very strong facts, ought to be discouraged, as they tend to endanger or weaken every author's claim to reputation from his works. *Nuptiæ demonstrant prolem*, is an established maxim with regard to the issue of our bodies ; and a man's fathering a production, unless it is clearly proved to be illegitimate, ought to establish his claim to the issue of his brains.

BUT the truth is, there are strong presumptions against the Knight in point of plagiarism ; for his works are so unequal, that some of them (to make
use

use of Martial's expression to a plagiary) seem to say, *Fur es*. Butler might have reasons for his charge that we are ignorant of.

AMONGST the several poems that follow, which we cannot particularise, there is a Satire upon Plagiaries, which is finished, and in Butler's best manner.

WE cannot agree with Mr. Thyer's conjecture, that Oliver Cromwell is meant in the ballad that begins p. 192; for though Mr. Thyer supports his conjecture by a caricatura of Cromwell's person drawn by one of his professed enemies, yet we have a much better authority for believing that his face was far from being of the hideous form and complexion there described. There is an original of Cromwell by Cooper extant; and it is attended with a whimsical anecdote, which is well known to the virtuosi, and carries its own evidences along with it. For there are evident marks of creases in the canvass of the painting, and a blue scarf about his armour is unfinished, which is said to have been owing to the Usurper's impatience, when he called at Cooper's for the picture; for seeing the head finished, he hastily pulled the piece from the tenter, and, clapping it into his pocket, flung into his coach. This painting is conformable to
all

all the accounts of his face that we have from the most impartial hands; and represents it as manly, but somewhat stern, though far from being ugly, far less deformed and hideous, as Butler has painted the subject of this ballad. If we might hazard a conjecture, the poet might allegorically have designed to satirise some of the Committees of Parliament that sat upon the estates of the King's party, and compounded with their owners. Those Committees sat in different parts not only of the kingdom but of the city.

AMONGST the fragments designed by Butler to be inserted in a second part of a satire upon the Imperfection and Abuse of Human Learning, one of them falls foul of Milton, for leaving the merits of the controversy between him and Salmasius about King Charles's murder undecided, and turning it into a war of words, by accusing Salmasius of writing false Latin. This put us in mind of an epigram of Milton's beginning,

'What made Salmasius, that French chattering pie,
To aim at English and *Hundreda* cry.'

'Tis pity our author did not complete this design. His fragments, like the pieces of marble got together for rearing a building, are of the
most

most exquisite beauty and workmanship. Amongst others, his description of a pedant is equally just and witty. Of pedantry, he says,

‘ For *pedantry* is but a corn, or wart
Bred in the skin of judgement, sense, and art ;
A stupified excrescence, like a wen,
Fed by the peccant humours of learn’d men,
That never grows from natural defects
Of downright and untutor’d intellects,
But from the over-curious and vain
Distempers of an artificial brain—’

NEXT follows a collection of verses, under the title of *Miscellaneous Thoughts*, which are finely adapted to their subjects, and which, had they fallen into the hands of a poetical trader, might have set him up, and, as the saying is, *made a man of him for ever*. It is extremely hard, if not disagreeable, to give any thing as a specimen of excellent, where every thing is equally so ; but, as we must keep up to our plan, we shall give the first that comes to our hand of those detached verses.

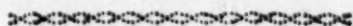
‘ The worst of rebels never arm
To do their King or country harm ;
But draw their swords to do them good,
As doctors cure by letting blood.

‘ No

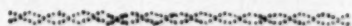
' No feared conscience is so fell
As that which has been burnt with zeal ;
For christian charity's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a pestilent disease
To christian charity and peace.



' As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they're grown ;
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near :
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief that he meant,
Does like a rattle-snake prevent.



' WHEN princes idly lead about,
Those of their party follow suit,
Till others trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way.



' WHAT makes all subjects discontent
Against a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At subjects disobedience;

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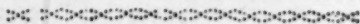
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That

That neither th' other can abide,
But too much reason on each side?



' As when a greedy raven sees
A sheep entangled by the fleece,
With hasty cruelty he flies
T' attack him, and pick out his eyes ;
So do those vultures use, that keep
Poor pris'ners fast like silly sheep,
As greedily to prey on all
That in their rav'nous clutches fall.
For thorns and brambles, that came in
To wait upon the curse for sin ;
And were no part o'th' first creation,
But for revenge a new plantation,
Are yet the fit'st materials
T' enclose the earth with living walls ;
So jailors that are most accurst
Are found most fit in being worst.'



HAVING thus, we hope, given no unsatisfactory account of this curious collection, so far as regards the poetical part of it, we come now to consider the prose part, in which Butler will appear with equal, if not superior, advantages.

It is a doubt, whether the writings of BUTLER, or the neglect he met with, be the greatest fatigue

ture on the age in which he lived; certainly no man was ever possessed of greater talents for ridicule than he, none had a greater fund of original sentiment, none a more thorough detestation of vice, and none a more ungrateful return from society. A modern French writer, who has translated a part of his works, has justly observed, that he has more thoughts than lines, and, perhaps, an exuberance of sentiment is his greatest defect: indeed, so closely do they follow each other, that the reader has neither time to relish what is past, nor prepare himself for what is to follow: as in other commodities, their value seems to be diminished by their profusion.

OF all our English poets, Butler was reckoned the most modest man; his confusion was such, upon a first introduction, that some men imagined him scarce removed from idiotism: when he warmed, however, in conversation, he then began to shine, and what before was pity in the audience, was now turned to admiration. Characters, however, of this kind are, perhaps, not so well qualified as others for commencing authors. Impressed with too great a respect for the judgment of the reader, they imagine his sagacity equal to their own, and avoid repetition, or explanation, as a tax upon his patience, or an im-

putation on his skill. In short, they write as Butler has actually written, pour out thought after thought, leave no interstice in the composition void of sentiment, nor even allow a pause for admiration. Such writing as this, and not the affected diffidence expressed in a preface, is the true characteristic of modesty. Here the writer, as in conversation, says but little, and that to the purpose. Butler's manner is, however, now pretty much worn out of use : most readers now take up books merely to be idle : men of this complexion must be met with smiles, instead of the severity of thoughtfulness. As long as the writer continues to divert, so long will they permit him to instruct them ; but if he offers to become too concise for their indolence, he then becomes unintelligible : to what purpose then should a writer think deeply, when those whom he addresses will not be at the pains of thinking ? In short, this sententious manner of the last age somewhat resembles Gothic architecture, where the eye of the spectator is presented with a number of parts, each highly finished, and separately pretty, but which, however, diminish the effect of the whole.

IF we read the histories of those great men who enlightened or adorned mankind, and, at the same time, perished like Butler by neglect, we shall
find

find their misfortunes owing to the warmth of their friendships, or the virulence of their disgust. Thus Dante, Theodore Gaza, and Cassander, were soured by their distresses at last into misanthropy. It was just so with Butler ; we find him, through this publication, pursuing his coteremporary authors, whom he disliked or despised, either with open or concealed satire ; he could not tamely bear to see men carry away all the rewards of admiration, because rich ; nor set up as models of politeness, because hung round with titles. Sir John Denham, in particular, has found no quarter ; he was one of those who owed most of his reputation to a combination of friends in his favour, and who was as much praised beyond his desert, as his antagonist before us was undervalued. Every wrong disposition of literary honours, Butler seems to have thought a negative insult upon genius : he opposed the distribution with spirit, was tacitly approved, and left without a reward. How many plants of medicinal virtue do we find growing among savages unacquainted with their effects ?

THE writing characters, as the editor remarks, “ was a kind of wit much in fashion in the beginning of the last century.” Bruyere seemed to have led the mode ; but, to confess a truth, has not been equalled by any succeeding imitator : he

has the happy art of varying his manner : when the bare description of nature begins to disgust, he has recourse to a story ; and when that has ceased to surprise, he finds refuge in a bon mot. The characters before us want that entertaining variety, and seem drawn rather after the designs of Theophrastus ; and we must do our countryman the justice to own, that his sketches are not inferior to those of the refined Grecian.

His character of a small poet, for instance, is as fine a piece of satire and criticism as we have seen united. To give the reader a specimen : ‘ A small poet is one that would fain make himself that, which *nature* never meant him ; like a *fanatic*, that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock, and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men’s wit ; and whatsoever he lights upon either in books or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit has the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of the joints. Imitation is the whole sum of him ; and his vein is but an itch or clap, that he has catched of others ; and his flame like that of charcoals that were burnt before : but as he wants judgment to understand what is best, he
naturally

naturally takes the worst, as being most agreeable to his own talent. You may know his wit not to be natural, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him : for as those that have money but seldom are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker ; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He measures other men's wits by *their* modesty, and his own by *his* confidence. He makes nothing of writing plays, because he has not wit enough to understand the difficulty. This makes him venture to talk and scribble, as chowfes do to play with cunning gamesters, until they are cheated and laughed at. He is always talking of wit, as those that have had voices are always singing out of tune, and those that cannot play delight to fumble on instruments. He grows the unwiser by other men's harms ; for the worse others write, he finds the more encouragement to do so too. His greediness of praise is so eager, that he swallows any thing that comes in the likeness of it, how notorious and palpable soever, and is as shot-free against any thing that may lessen his good opinion of himself.— This renders him incurable, like diseases that grow insensible.'

WERE such a number of original thoughts in possession of a German commentator, what folios might not be the result of his speculations ! In short, this performance might serve as a commonplace-book for such as find more difficulty in thinking than expression ; an hundred sentiments may be stolen from it, and yet the plagiarist be never detected.

WHAT can be more just than his character of a libeller, whom he describes as one whose whole works treat but of two things, his own malice, and the faults of another !

‘ HE is not much concerned whether what he writes be *true* or *false*, that’s nothing to his purpose, which aims only at *filthy* and *bitter* ; and therefore his language is, like pictures of the devil, the fouler the better. He robs a man of his good name, not for any good it will do him (for he dares not own it), but merely, as a jackdaw steals money, for his pleasure. His malice has the same success with other men’s charity, to be rewarded in private ; for all he gets is but his own private satisfaction, and the testimony of an evil conscience ; for which, if it be discovered, he suffers the worst kind of martyrdom, and is paid with condign punishment, so that at the best
he

he has but his *labour* for his *pains*. He deals with a man as the Spanish inquisition does with heretics, clothes him in a coat painted with hellish shapes of fiends, and so shews him to the rabble, to render him the more odious. He exposes his wit like a bastard, for the next comer to take up and put out to nurse, which it seldom fails of, so ready is every man to contribute to the infamy of another. He is like the devil, that sows tares in the dark, and while a man sleeps plants weeds among his corn. When he ventures to fall foul on the government or any great persons, if he has not a special care to keep himself, like a conjurer, safe in his circle, he raises a spirit that falls foul on himself, and carries him to *limbo*; where his neck is clapped up in the hole, out of which it is never released, until he has paid his ears down on the nail for fees. He is in a worse condition than a school-boy; for when he is discovered, he is whipped for his exercise, whether it be well or ill done; so that he takes a wrong course to shew his wit, when his best way to do so is to conceal it; otherwise he shews his folly instead of his wit, and pays dear for the mistake.'

AT the end of these two volumes, for which the public are so much obliged to the editor, are subjoined thoughts upon various subjects, still super-

rior to any thing in the foregoing collection. In these the author's peculiar talent shines conspicuously, since his principal merit consists in the strength and justness of his sentiments, without any peculiar skill in arrangement. Had all his works been published like those of Mahomet, which, as we are told, were delivered in single sentences, it is probable his fame would have suffered no diminution. To give an example of his talents this way :

‘THIS age will serve to make a very pretty farce for the next, if it have any wit at all to make use of it.

‘THE preferment of fools and undeserving persons is not so much an honour to them, as infamy and dishonour to those that raise them ; for when a prince confers honour on those that do not deserve it, he throws it away out of his own stock, and leaves himself so much the less, as he parts with to those that want merit to pretend to it ; and by that ill husbandry, in time leaves himself none at all to pay those to whom it is due.

‘THE worst governments are the best, when they light in good hands ; and the best the worst, when they fall into bad ones :

‘THE

‘THE vices of tyrants run in a circle, and produce one another, beginning with luxury and prodigality, which cannot be supplied but by rapine. Rapine produces hate in the people, and that hate fear in the prince ; fear cruelty, cruelty despair, and despair destruction.

‘IT is both the wisest and safest way in the world to keep at a convenient distance with all men.—For when men converse too closely, they commonly, like those that meet in crowds, offend one another.

‘THERE is a kind of physiognomy in the titles of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other.

‘MEN of the quickest apprehensions and aptest geniuses to any thing they undertake, do not always prove the greatest masters in it : for there is more patience and phlegm required in those that attain to any degree of perfection, than is commonly found in the temper of active and ready wits, that soon tire, and will not hold out ; as the swiftest race-horse will not perform a long journey so well as a sturdy dull jade.—Hence it is, that Virgil, who wanted much of that natural easiness of wit that

Ovid had, did nevertheless with hard labour and long study arrive at a higher perfection than the other, with all his dexterity of wit, but less industry, could attain to.—The same we may observe of Jonson and Shakespeare : for he that is able to think long and judge well, will be sure to find out better things, than another man can hit upon suddenly, though of more quick and ready parts ; which is commonly but chance, and the other art and judgment.'

How works of such merit have been so long suppressed as those before us, is indeed somewhat surprising; or how the author himself, in his needy hours, was never induced to turn them to profit, is what we cannot account for : perhaps the rewards of Copy-money, as it is called, were not so high then as they are now, and fame might have been the only incentive to publication.

The DRAMATIC WORKS of Mr. PHILIP MASSINGER Complete in Four Volumes. Revised, corrected, and all the various Editions collated, by Mr. COXETER. With Notes critical and explanatory, by the Editor, and various Authors. 8vo. 1l. 4s. Dell.

MASSINGER was a dramatic poet cotemporary with Beaumont and Fletcher, and about twenty years later than Shakespeare ; yet if we compare the style of each, the former will seem more antient, at least by a century. We are to regard the time in which this poet wrote, as a period when polite learning was little encouraged ; for school-philosophy, the foe of common sense, was still in fashion. A few of the nobility who had travelled, and whose taste had been formed in Italy, then the centre of all politeness, gave our English writers, whom nevertheless they but slightly esteemed, some small encouragement. These patrons, however, were but a few, and the rest of the audience was composed of persons who came to a play with the same taste, and the same expectations, that we see the mob now repair to a puppet-show. Those who went by the name of the Learned, laymen as well as divines, were engaged in controversial divinity, neglected poetry

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as a trifling amusement, and regarded plays, unless they were wrote in Latin; with the utmost contempt. What therefore could be expected from performances calculated to amuse such an audience ? Nothing less than a genius like Shakespeare's could make plays wrote to the taste of those times pleasing now ; a man whose beauties seem rather the result of chance than design ; who, while he laboured to satisfy his audience with monst'ers and mummery, seemed to throw in his inimitable beauties as trifles into the bargain. Massinger, however, was not such a man ; he seldom rises to any pitch of sublimity, and yet it must be owned is never so incorrigibly absurd, as we often find his predecessor. His performances are all crowded with incident, but want character, the genuine mark of genius in a dramatic poet. In our days it is probable he might make a very judicious poet ; he might preserve every unity, prepare his incidents, work up his plot, and give us a piece as coolly correct, or as unfeelingly boisterous, as the best tragedy-maker of them all. What mighty reason our editor had to disturb his repose, we cannot see at present, especially as his best plays have been already published in Doddsley's collection. A poet whose works have been forgotten so soon after publication, when his language was modern, and his humour new, must surely cut but an indif-

indifferent figure, brought back to light again in an age when his diction is become antiquated, and the highest sallies of his humour forced, for want of models to compare them by. There are, however, a set of readers, who, being half critics and half antiquarians, will be apt to regard what may be displeasing to others as beauties. Such will lay his antiquity against his faults, and pardon the one for sake of the other. With regard to the present edition, the text seems tolerably correct, yet still admits of some obvious emendations; and as for the editor's notes, it is not severity to say, that they will admit of several emendations also.

JEMIMA

JEMIMA and LOUISA : *In which is contained several remarkable Incidents relating to two Ladies of distinguished Families and Fortunes. In a Series of Letters, by a Lady. 12mo. 3s. Owen.*

THE Female Muse, it must be owned, has of late been tolerably fruitful. Novels written by Ladies, poems, morality, essays, and letters, all written by Ladies, shew that this beautiful sex are resolved to be, one way or other, the joyful mothers of children. Happy it is, that the same conveyance which brings an heir to a family, shall at the same time produce a book to mend his manners, or teach him to make love when ripe for the occasion. Yet let not the ladies carry off all the glory of the late productions ascribed to them; it is plain by the style, and a nameless somewhat in the manner, that pretty fellows, coffee critics, and dirty-shirted dunces, have sometimes a share in the achievement. We have detected so many of these impostors already, that for the future it is resolved to look upon every publication that shall be ascribed to a Lady, as the work of one of this amphibious fraternity. Thus by wholesome severity many a fair creature may be prevented from writing,

ing, that cannot spell ; and many a blockhead may be deterred from commencing author, that never thought. The plan of the work is as follows :

Two misses just taken home from the boarding-school are *prodigious* great friends, and so they tell each other their secrets by way of letter. It cannot be expected, and truly it would be out of nature, to suppose persons so young, and so very pretty, capable of writing proper English ; so they transgress in this particular almost in every sentence, *you was* and *they is* being frequent expressions between them. In the first letter Miss Jemima Courtly, or Mima for shortness sake, lets her old and intimate friend know that her mother died when she was eight years old ; that she had one brother and one sister ; with several other secrets of this kind, all delivered in the confidence of friendship. In the progress of this correspondence we find she has been taken home for carrying on an intrigue with Horatio, a gentleman of the neighbourhood, and by means of her sister's insinuations, for she happens to be her enemy, confined to her chamber, her father at the same time making an express prohibition against her writing love-letters for the future. This command Miss Mima breaks, and of consequence is turned out of doors ; so up she gets behind a servant without a pillion, and is set down

at

at Mrs. Weller's house, the mother of her friend Miss Fanny. Here then we shall leave, or rather forget her, only observing that she is happily married, as we are told in a few words towards the conclusion.

WE are next served up with the history of Miss Louisa Blyden, a story no way connected with the former. Louisa is going to be married to Mr. Evanion; the nuptials, however, are interrupted by the death of Louisa's father, and at last broke off by means of a sharper, who pretends to be Miss's uncle, and takes her concerns under his direction. What need we tell *as how* the young *lovier* runs mad; Miss is spirited away into France; she at last returns; the sharper and his accomplices hang or drown themselves; her lover dies, and she, oh tragical! keeps her chamber? However, to console us for this calamity, there are two or three other very good matches struck up; and a great deal of money, a great deal of beauty, a world of love, and days and nights as happy as heart could desire; the old butt-end of a modern romance.

The HISTORY of ITALY. Written in Italian by
 FRANCESCO GUICCIARDINI, a Nobleman of
 Florence. *In Twenty Books. Translated into*
 English by the Chevalier AUSTIN PARKE
 GODDARD, Knight of the Military Order of St.
 Stephen. *The Second Edition. In Ten Vo-*
lumes. 8vo. 3l. Towers.

NOTHING can be more just than the character given of Guicciardini by Lipsius, *Inter nostros summus est historicus ; inter veteres mediocris* : If compared to modern historians, he will be found superior ; if with the antients, he must be contented with a subordinate situation. It is indeed a little extraordinary why the antients, particularly the Roman historians, should still remain the uncontested and unrivalled masters of historical excellence. Their experience was then much more confined than our's, since, to their wisdom, we can add that of an intervening space of almost two thousand years. The politics of their princes were not so refined, as the law of nations was scarce attended to ; and war, which with us is little more than a treaty written in blood, was with them the removing of empires, and the enslaving of millions : still, however, with such limited experience, and in countries governed by such rude masters, Sallust and Tacitus wrote their histories.

histories, and left their successors models which they may endeavour to imitate, but, if their future efforts be not attended with better success, cannot hope to rival.

THAT since the revival of learning the Italians have excelled the rest of Europe in history, is a fact so well known that it hardly deserves to be insisted upon. Barely to mention the names of Machiavelli, Davila, Nani, Muratori, and several others, will serve to silence opposition: the fact is notorious; the reason of their peculiar excellence is not equally so.

ITALY is divided into a number of petty states, whose mutual security lies in their mutual jealousies and distrusts. Here then politicians are formed, and states governed in miniature; here a man may, and often has, exerted all the stratagems of war at the head of two hundred men, and exhausted all the chicanery of politics in the government of a petty corporation. This was the soil for an historian; here, as in a map, he perceived the excellence and the inconveniences of every species of polity; could point out, with precision, the ineffective attempts of democracy, or the headlong efforts of mistaken monarchy; this was a field for historical speculation; even he that ran might, if he pleased, be a reader.

IN this country Guicciardini was bred, and at a time when its petty States might properly be said to be fermenting into form. He had all the advantages that could conduce to a thorough knowledge, both of the facts he relates, and the personages who were concerned in conducting them. He was at once (what very seldom happens to be united in the same person) a scholar, a soldier, and a politician ; and employed by his country at different times in all those three capacities, with advantage to it, and with honour to himself. His narrative is manly and grave, and his facts are made, as in a well-written play, to rise from each other. His impartiality appears manifest ; even his own country, to which he owed so many obligations, is treated with historical justice, and its enemies treated with so much candour, that the reader can hardly say, whether the author was of Florence or Pisa : these are a part of his excellencies ; but it must not be concealed what critics have objected against him on the other hand. He is taxed with being tedious and particular ; that he now and then indulges reflection, and retards the events which, in history, should be ever hastening towards the catastrophe. “ As for that part of his history (says Montaigne) which he seems to be most proud of, I mean his digressions and discourses, it must be owned, that some of them have peculiar merit,

and

and are adorned with eloquence and nature ; but still he seems in love with them : for, desirous of omitting nothing, and his subject supplying him with more than sufficient matter, he becomes feeble by delay, and his history at length favours of pedantic trifling." Dr. Donne, when talking of the creation, as delivered by Moses, objects the same faults to our author : " If the history of the beginning of the world (says he) were written by so prolix an author as Guicciardini, not even the world itself would be able to contain the books written upon its own creation." Yet, notwithstanding the objections of so great men, his History can seem tedious to none but the indolent ; and in this class, perhaps, we may rank the two great men now quoted, at least the former confesses himself to be so. There is through the whole work, especially the first five books, such a preparation of incidents, that, instead of being prolix, the reader can scarce lay down the book without an ardent desire of knowing what follows next ; and the worst that can be said of his speeches is, that they are fine political harangues improperly placed.

THERE is an objection of another nature which carries more weight, because it unfortunately happens to be true, viz. his representing all the actions
of

of his personages as arising from bad motives :
 “ E fu anche sempre inclinato (says a countryman
 of his) à le peggiori, come apare nella sua speffa
 maledicenza di ciascheduno ; la quale appresso alla
 vulgare malignità gli lià guadagnata estimazion di
 veridico.” He was ever leaning to the worst side of
 a character, as appears by his giving nobody a
 good word, merely to appear in the eyes of the
 vulgar as a speaker of truth. Even the most enthu-
 siastic admirer of Guicciardini must allow, that
 this observation is just, since, in the representation
 of so many characters, he scarce describes one
 whose conscience is his motive to action. The
 persons who figure in his drama are almost all
 knaves or fools, politic betrayers, or blustering
 idiots. In short, the History before us may be
 styled a truly misanthropical performance. To a
 person inclined to hate the species, what ample
 matter will it not afford, both for ridicule and for
 reproof !

WE see the History open with the account of a
 monarch immersed in pleasures, surrounded with
 flatterers, not only ignorant of the polite arts, but
 hardly acquainted with the figures of the letters,
 incapable of discerning merit, or, what is as bad,
 incapable of directing it to its proper sphere : we
 see such a monarch (for so he represents Charles
 VIII. of France) resolved to play the conqueror,
 and

and plunder kingdoms. Observe how pointed the ridicule is : imagine this man, with a body as deformed as his intellects were contemptible, of a very short stature, bandy-legged, of a puny constitution, and detestable visage, equipped like an hero, clothed in complete steel, mounted upon a mettlesome courser, marching into every town at the head of his army, looking fiercely, with his lance on his thigh, and calling upon the obsequious crowd for homage. To make the picture still more poignant, imagine such a figure in love, and acting the gallant ! Who can forbear smiling at an account like this, unless his mirth be repressed by considering, that the affairs of his fellow-creatures were subjected to the caprice of such a diminutive idiot !

ON the other hand the Italians, whom he came to conquer, are drawn in circumstances even of greater debasement : they meet this army of France without head or conductor, with neither vigour, prudence, nor unanimity ; they leave an easy conquest without striking a blow in defence of their privileges. Yet let not the reader imagine they were all this time unemployed ; they were busily taken up with plots, treaties, politics, and poison : they were too rich or too cowardly to be soldiers themselves ; their armies were there-
fore

fore composed of mercenaries, who being a mixture of peasants, people in low life, subjects of different potentates, and entirely dependent on their captains, with whom they agreed for a salary, and in whose power it was to retain or dismiss them, they had neither natural nor acquired parts to act gallantly. 'The captains were very seldom the subjects of the prince they served, but had a different interest, and separate views; were full of piques and jealousies; their service not commonly limited to a certain time; and being entirely masters of their own companies, they seldom kept the number they were paid for complete.' Such is the description of the Italian soldiery. No wonder then the country fell an easy prey to the first invader; for we may be assured, that that army will seldom fight well, which has nothing to lose by a defeat.

YET notwithstanding the noted cowardice of such troops, they pretended to more personal bravery than those of any other nation beside. Their condottiere, as an historian cotemporary with Guicciardini relates, were a set of the most assuming fellows alive. One called himself Cut-head; another Bloody-bones; a third assumed some other frightful appellation; and yet these fellows would often refuse to be led up to a practicable breach,

though guarded only by a few peasants, as timorous as themselves. But let us do them justice ; for single combat they were lions every one of them, cowards in the army, and duellists in peace. Guicciardini relates a combat between thirteen of these Italians and as many Frenchmen, who, as mentioned before, had over-run Italy without opposition. The reader may take the combat in the words of the translator, which will at once serve as a specimen of his language, of the historian's manner of telling a story, and the misplaced abilities of the Italian soldiery.

‘UPON the neck of these unlucky accidents, (*some advantages gained by the Spaniards over the French*) happened another, which mightily checked the forwardness of the French, who had no cause to lay the blame on the malignity of fortune, since the event must be accounted the pure effect of true valour and resolution : the matter of fact was thus : A French trumpet that was sent to Barletta to treat about the ransom of some soldiers taken at Rubos, heard some Italian men at arms speak in terms reflecting on his countrymen. Of this he made a report at his return to the camp, which occasioned an answer to the Italians, and both parties were so heated as to kindle a general resentment, which had no way to vent itself till
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it was at length agreed that, for the honour of their respective nations, thirteen French men at arms should enter the lists with as many Italians in an open secure place, and combat till the victory was decided. Accordingly there was a plain space of ground appointed between Barletta, Andria, and Quadrata, to which the champions were conducted by a set number of their comrades; and, for further security against ambuscades, each of the generals, with the greater part of his army, accompanied them halfway, animating them, and charging them that, as men selected from the whole army, they should be sure to answer, both in heart and hand, the expectations conceived of them, which ran so high, that in their hands and in their valour the honour of such noble nations was, by common consent, entrusted. The French Viceroy animated his men by reminding them, that those they saw before them were the very same Italians who had trembled at the name of the French, and had always taken care to get out of their way, without giving them an opportunity of exercising their valour. How often had they traversed their country from the Alps to the utmost point of Italy; that their adversaries had not acquired new spirits or vigour, nor were inspired with a fresh generosity of soul; but being in the pay of the Spaniards, and under their command, they had not the power

to contradict the will of their masters, who were accustomed not to encounter their enemies with plain valour and open force, but to circumvent them by wiles and stratagems, and now intended to be idle spectators of the dangers of others. But as soon as these Italians shall be brought into the field, and confronted with the arms and fierce looks of those who have always beaten them, their usual fright will return, and either they will have no heart to fight at all, or else will fight under such fear, as to make them an easy prey; the lofty speeches and vain bravadoes of the Spaniards being but a poor foundation for raising the spirits, and a very frail buckler against pointed steel, and the fury of the conqueror.

“ON the other side Gonsalvo was heartening and stimulating his Italians with equally pungent motives. He recalled to their mind the antient glory of their nation, and the honours acquired by their arms, which had rendered them masters of the world. It was, said he, in the power of those few brave men, who were not inferior in valour to their ancestors, to make it appear to all the world, that Italy, the conqueress of all nations, had, for a few years past, been over-run by foreign armies for no other reason but the imprudence of its princes, who prompted by ambition first fell out
among

among themselves, and then called in foreigners to enable them to get the better of one another. The French, he told them, had never obtained a victory in Italy by true valour, but under the conduct, or by the arms of the Italians themselves; or by the fury of their artillery, the dread of which, as an instrument of war unknown in Italy, and not the fear of their arms, opened them a passage into the country. But now they had an opportunity given them of fighting with sword and lance, body to body, where each of them had liberty to display his own personal valour, and be a glorious spectacle to the chief christian nations, and before so great a number of noble persons of their own country, all of whom, as well of one side as the other, were extremely desirous that they should get the victory. That they should remember that they were trained under the most famous captains of Italy, continually exercised in arms; and that there was not a single person of their number but had given proofs of his valour in various places, and much to his honour. For them, therefore, it was reserved, either by coming off conquerors, to retrieve the honour of the Italian nation, and render its name glorious and formidable, as it had been, not only in the days of their ancestors, but even in their own times; or else, if victory was not in the power of such hands as their's, that there

could be no room to hope for better times, but that Italy must for ever remain in a state of perpetual and ignominious servitude. The other officers and private soldiers of both armies were no less solicitous in stimulating their champions, and kindling their courage, charging them to shew their bravery, and to behave like themselves, and worthy of the confidence reposed in them, for augmenting, by their own proper valour, the glory and splendor of their nations.

‘ THUS charged and animated, the champions were conducted into the field, each one full of ardour, and in high spirits, where both parties were inclosed within a list, opposite to each other. The signal being given, they ran furiously at each other with their lances, in which encounter none seeming to have the advantage, they laid their hands to their other weapons with great force and animosity, each one exerting himself in so extraordinary a manner, as to beget in all the spectators a tacit confession, that no soldiers more valiant, nor more worthy to act so glorious a part, could have been selected out of both armies. But when they had combated a good while, and the ground was covered with pieces of armour, and blood that issued out of the wounds given on both sides, and the event was as yet uncertain, all the beholders keep-

ing

ing a profound silence, and being almost under as much anxiety and concern of mind as the combatants themselves, it happened that Guglielmo Albimonte, one of the Italians, was thrown from his horse by a Frenchman, who ran fiercely upon him with his horse to dispatch him ; but Francesco Salamone running to assist his companion, fetched a full blow at the Frenchman, who, being intent on the slaughter of Albimonte, was not on his guard, which struck him dead on the spot. After this, he and Albimonte, who had recovered himself, with Miale, who had also been wounded and dismounted, fell upon sticking the enemy's horses with long swords, which they had provided for that purpose, and killed several of them ; by which means the Frenchmen began to have the worst of the combat, and at last, some of the Italians took one, some another of them, till they were all made prisoners.

‘ THE victors were received with joyful acclamations by their comrades, and treated by Gonfalso, who met them halfway, with all the expressions of gladness and respect, congratulating each man in particular, and all in general, as restorers of the Italian honour. They afterwards made their entry into Barletta in a triumphant

manner with their prisoners, amidst the sound of drums and trumpets, and the noise of cannon, and accompanied with military shouts and huzzas.'

'How small (to use the words of our author in another place) is the praise of cutting a figure in tournaments with an heavy lance ! and how greatly does it differ from bravery, or from conduct !'

WITH respect to the present translation, as the gentleman has made an apology for his style in the beginning, we shall not take upon us the invidious task of selecting its faults. Be it sufficient to say, it is better done than could reasonably be expected from a person, a great part of whose life was spent in a foreign country. The Grand Duke of Tuscany Cosmo III. had invited him to Italy, when but a boy, and there he resided for eighteen years. We could wish to encourage every attempt like this, which serves to make Italian learning better known in England, where it is more generally admired than understood.

An EPISTLE to the Right Hon. PHILIP Earl of CHESTERFIELD. To which is added, An Eclogue. By WILLIAM DUNKIN, D. D. 8vo. 1s. Griffiths.

IN this publication Dr. Dunkin appears at once excessively merry and extremely sorrowful. His Epistle to the Earl of Chesterfield is most familiarly good-humoured ; his Eclogue, or Lawson's Obsequies, is mournful to the last degree. The Epistle may be considered as a smart Prologue to a deep Tragedy, or a jig before an Adagio, or (to run into his own manner) a plate of pickles before a shoulder of mutton. The death of his friend seems no way to have abated his festivity ; and though he weeps for Lawson in poetry, he laughs with his Lordship in prose : in short, were we to judge of the writer by his production, we would give him the same appellation which Chappellain gave to Menage, " the poet with the double face."

HIS Epistle to the Earl of Chesterfield begins thus : ' My Lord, your fast friend, trusty correspondent, and faithful ally, the prince of printers, archibibliopolist, intelligencer-general, and general advertiser of the kingdom of Ireland, hav-

ing lately discovered, that I had not for many months addressed Your Lordship by letter, or otherwise, with a very grave face and composed countenance, but a fervour and tartness of style unwont to flow from the dispassionate tongue of *His Most Serene Highness*, called me roundly to task, and expressed his august indignation and royal resentment: "What," said he, "was it for this that *We* brought thy labours from the darkness of thy closet into the light of *Our* shop, and clothed thy naked and neglected name with legible respect and titular dignity? What apartment from the base to the summit of our Palladian palace hath not been open for thy reception, and furnished for thy residence? When was *Our* oval table unspread for thy repast? and when was our big-bellied bottle withheld from thy lips? Hast thou not sat down in *Our* presence, even on our right hand, while poets have stood in waiting? and have *We* not in familiar wise conversed with thee, while *We* have only nodded unto critics?"

THIS *Serene Highness*, this *We*, is Mr. Faulkener the printer, who, if he speaks in this manner, must be, no doubt, an excessively facetious humorous companion, and well worthy not only the acquaintance of the poet and his lordship, but also of the public. A great part of the

Epistle

Epistle is taken up with this speech, which, whenever the writer takes up the conversation himself, is every whit as humourous as the other. Hear him.

‘BUT, alas! how will the sanguine hopes and expectations of the parties premised be rendered totally null and void, when the bellowing tribe of meagre bards and lank critics, like Pharaoh’s ill-favoured and lean-fleshed kine, eat up my best featured and fairest offspring! What can be wrought and finished with nicer art and ingenuity than Arachne’s lawn, suspended to the sublime ceiling of a spacious hall, as it were beyond the reach of inferior accidents? when, lo! some vile, unthrifty chamber-maid cometh with her anti-christian Pope’s head-brush, and sweepeth down the weaver and her web together.

‘SUCH, I fear, will become the downfal and undoing of these my lofty lucubrations, disconcerted and broken by the callous and clumsy hands of witlings and word-catchers, who from damned poetry have turned their heads to foul criticism, as folks convert their cast coach-horses to dung-carts.

‘LITTLE will it avail me, that, independent of external aid, I have spun the materials out of my

own brains, and laboured whole days and nights in bringing the work to perfection, when the delicate and tender texture, instead of standing the test, will not even abide the touch.

“THE dung-carts and their criticisms may pass well enough together; and lest they should object against this comparison of myself to an insect, as mean and creeping, let them hear what Pliny saith of such industrious and neat spinsters: *Araneorum genus eruditâ operatione conspicuum*. The family of spiders are very notable for their curious housewifery. But in case they should spare the spider, they will arraign the retailer of this homely similitude for an arrant plagiarist; to quash *which* indictment I can offer no fairer plea than an honest confession, that I borrowed the thought, with very little variation, from a voluminous Latin and English poem, written purely for the benefit of their fraternity many years ago, although not yet published: it is dedicated to *Your Lordship*, and must, I believe, pass for mine, 'till they can lay it before the door of a better father. Here would I willingly halt, and spread a veil over the poet and spider, but murder and truth will at some odd time or other ebulliate.

‘MUCH it irketh me to conceive any thing that might cast the least unfavoury note of aspersion on any member of our faculty.

‘BUT

‘BUT what I am going to mention is rather a matter of compassion and pity, than reproach or shame; a distemper which frequently seizes the body poetical with sudden fits and starts, and, what is most extraordinary, the violence of the paroxysm, instead of heating, chills the whole mass of blood, ties the tongue, and sinks the spirits.

‘SOME naturalists have ascribed it to the malign influence of a planet, and look upon it as the consequent and concomitant effect of a versifying itch: but I should rather attribute it to mere sublunary causes; and such accidents will happen, while there are such unclassical things upon earth as paltry debts, insolent writs, and rude bailiffs; for although poets may take great licences, yet, alas! Grub-street is no place of privilege.’

WHO could have thought, to speak seriously, that such indifferent prose could come from the man who is author of many pretty poetical pieces, among which, this of Lawson’s *Obsequies* is not the worst? The following lines, for instance, are not despicable:

‘BUT should he fall? And shall the lonely Muse
The tuneful tribute of her grief refuse?
Refuse to him her memorable tears,
With whom she sported in his tender years?
While

While yet unconscious of himself he stray'd,
 Unsought, unnotic'd, thro' the pensive shade,
 With wealth unfavour'd, to no lordly line
 Ally'd, but Pallas and the sacred Nine,
 I cull'd him out from all the sable crowd
 Of Alma's tribes, indignant of the proud,
 The pert, the vain; preferr'd his humble name,
 And woo'd his friendship with a pious flame.

'WE laugh'd at fops fantastically gay,
 The pomp of pride, and impotence of sway;
 At scribblers vile, who blurr'd the blacken'd page
 With fustian phrensy for poetic rage.
 We laugh'd with Johnson of ingenuous heart,
 Who well could act the candid critic's part,
 From fruitful fancy start the happy hint
 Surprising, quick as flashes from a flint,
 Maturely plan the regular design,
 Mix wit with ease, and point the glowing line.'

THERE runs, however, through the poem an affectation which is not easy to excuse, as when the poet has *manful* eloquence for manly eloquence; the *musical powers*, for the muses: such errors, though trifling, give an air of vanity to the whole. The man who is bred at a distance from the center of learning and politeness, must have a great deal of modesty or understanding who does not
 give

give a loose to some vanities which are apt to render him ridiculous every where but at home. Bred among men of talents inferior to himself, he is too apt to assume the lead, as well from the press as in conversation, and to over-rate his own abilities. His oddities among his friends are only regarded as the excrescences of a superior genius; among those who live beyond the sphere of his importance, they are considered as instances of folly or ignorance. There is scarcely a trifling city or university in Europe which has not its great men; characters, who are taught by adulation to fancy themselves figuring in the Republic of Letters, and leaving monuments of their merit to remote posterity: If there should happen to be two of this character in the same city, the compliments they mutually bestow on each other are pleasant enough: they attempt to raise each other's reputation by mutual flattery, and establish their little dominion within the circle of all their acquaintance.

A TRAVELLER passing thro' the city of Burgos in Spain was desirous of knowing who were their most learned men, and applied to one of the inhabitants for information. "What!" replied the Spaniard, who happened to be a scholar, "have you never heard of the admirable Brandellius,
 " or

"or the ingenious Mogufius? one the eye and
"the other the heart of our university, known all
"over the world."

"Never," cries the traveller: "*but pray in-
form me what Brandellius is particularly re-
markable for?*"

"You must be very little acquainted in the
"Republic of Letters," says the other, "to ask
"such a question. Brandellius has wrote a most
"sublime panegyric on Mogufius."

"And, prithee, what has Mogufius done to
"deserve so great a favour?"

"HE has written an excellent poem in praise
"of Brandellius."

"Well, and what does the Public, I mean those
"who are out of the university, say of those mutual
"compliments?"

"THE Public are a parcel of blockheads, and
"all blockheads are critics, and all critics are spi-
"ders, and spiders are a set of reptiles that all the
"world despises."

The WORKS of Mr. WILLIAM HAWKINS,
 3 Vols. 8vo. 12s. Doddsley.

IN this publication Mr. Hawkins appears under the character of a divine, a critic, and a poet ; and in this triple capacity we shall beg leave to consider him.

HIS first tract in divinity is entitled, *A Rational Enquiry into the Speculative and Practical Principles of the Christian Religion* ; a performance not without merit ; but he certainly might have done more, or at least better, had he attempted to do less. In a small tract like this, it was impossible to exhaust the whole subject of divinity, as he has endeavoured to do : it was impossible, in so short a compass, to silence the atheist, the deist of every denomination, the Arian, the Roman Catholic, and all the various sects and opinions among ourselves, which either idleness or ignorance has produced ; it was a vain attempt, we say, to confine in his scanty page, opinions that have already exhausted tomes of undecided controversy. In shewing how far reason, unassisted by revelation, can lead us into the nature of Deity and ourselves, he has perhaps given our rational faculties greater sagacity than they merit, as he thinks that
 reason

reason alone points out the immortality of the soul. His words are, 'If man is a being compounded of body and spirit, which we have endeavoured to prove, there is in his nature a principle of existence. A mortal spirit is a contradiction in terms ; for the essential difference between body and spirit is, that the latter is not subject to corruption. Without attributing this native principle of incorruption to spirit (if I may so say), we cannot prove the eternity of God, which is asserted by all who admit his existence ; for God is not a corporeal being ; he therefore exists as a spirit to and from all eternity.' Thus he hangs the proof of the eternity of the godhead, *à parte post*, to speak with the Schools, upon the same feeble support that he does that of the soul of man ; and yet the one is capable of the strongest demonstration, while the other has scarce the shadow of reason to support it, and is obliged to fly to revelation to silence enquiry. The eternity of the godhead, *à parte post* is proved thus : ' No being can lose its existence but by an act of power superior to its own ; but no being has a power superior to the godhead : therefore he must be eternal. On the contrary, the soul of man may survive the body a thousand years ; but what argument can be drawn from reason, that divine power may not then annihilate it ? This difficulty ever
stuck

stuck with the philosophers, nor did their reasonings ever proceed farther than to prove the soul a more vivacious principle than the body. The reasoning of Plato on this head was excessively weak; and yet, perhaps, it was all that reason could do. We see, says he, different parts of the body, after death, have different duration; the sinews last longer than the flesh, the bones still longer, and so forth; why then shall not the soul be of greater duration than either? Thus spake unassisted reason; but revelation has brought our doubts into certainty, and surely it is taking from the latter to ascribe to reason what is not its due. Were our author's arguments enforced against deists or atheists only, we should heartily join issue; but he has chalked out a narrow path for faith to walk by, and sometimes declaims with heat, we had almost said virulence, against many opinions among christians which are purely theoretical, mere speculations, which should serve as playthings to exercise the indolence of theology, rather than as brands to excite its rancour or reproach.

His next tract is, *A Review of a Book entitled, "A free and candid Examination of the Principles advanced in the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of London's very elegant Sermons lately published,*

lished, and in his very ingenious Discourses on Prophecy ; wherein the commonly received System concerning the nature of the Jewish and Christian Dispensations is particularly considered : with Occasional Observations on some late Explanations of the Doctrines therein contained," &c. The Bangorian controversy has not more divided our speculative divines, than the late broached dispute, whether the Jews had any notion of a future state, is likely to do. The Bishop of London in his Sermons assumes the affirmative, but he has had many opponents ; and now the argument seems kindled up, nor perhaps will be extinguished, till some opinion more new rises, or revives, for a-while to attract the attention. Mr. Hawkins seems to be pretty confident in the advantage of his cause ; and this we may venture to say, that he seems to be on the safe side, for he is on the Bishop's ; and though he loses his cause, he may gain a vicarage. As for the controversy, so much has been said on both sides, that we must really acknowledge ourselves sceptics in the debate. It is probable that the Jews were very well acquainted with the doctrine of the soul's surviving after death, from its being a received opinion in Egypt, and in several nations round them. But how far this doctrine may be contained in the Old Testament, is what perhaps will never be determined

mined, unacquainted as we are at this period with the strict meaning of the language in which it is written. The whole dispute must turn on the import of some Hebrew words, and who is there now alive capable of being a judge in such a controversy? We can know enough, and believe enough, without being acquainted with a syllable of the matter: we could wish our divines would therefore rather turn their arms against the common enemy, and, while infidelity is at the gate, not waste the time in civil altercation.

THE second volume contains *Poetical Prelections pronounced in the Natural Philosophy School, in the University of Oxford*, of which seminary Mr. Hawkins was a member, and constituted Professor of Poetry there. His design and method in this course of lectures, are thus explained by himself:

‘DE ratione vero, qua in sequentibus Prælectionibus usus sum, quæ præfanda censui, quam paucissimis accipite. Ea igitur quæ mihi rem *Dramaticam* tractanti occurrent, potius ad dissertationum *criticarum* seriem, quam ad systematicam quandam redigi oportere arbitror, non solum ob eam causam quod nollem in aliorum vestigia incurrere, sed etiam (pace illorum dixerim), quia plerisque poeticæ deditis totum fere hoc displicet,

plicet, philosophari. Una poesi competit regula generalis, eademque naturæ, cujus poesis est exemplar, ut NE QUID MONSTROSUM: ad hanc si caute et religiose attendatur, parvi refert ad definitiones, ad verba *technica*, et minutias *criticas* descendere, quæ nec poeticæ peritis usui possunt esse, nec iis, qui nullum habent cum musis commercium, delectationi. *Drama* equidem legibus arctissimis astringi probe novi: Sed quasdam ex his relaxari posse, imo forsan debere, non solum commodi, et quasi licentiæ poeticæ, sed etiam ipsius naturæ tuendæ causa, mox mihi, cum ad eas considerandas veniam, erit contendendum. Neque enim nefas est dicere summum in poesi etiam jus summam esse injuriam, et nonnunquam res cum naturæ tum rationi magis dissentaneas, quam quæ vetantur, instituere.

‘NON sum interea nescius, quam invidiosum nonnullis videatur, leges jam olim inveteratas impugnare, et ab ipso *Aristotele*, cujus ad disciplinam satis dociles se minores *critici* præbuerunt, dissentire: Sed præcipientis est, non dubitare, quid de quaque re sentiat, libere pronunciare: nempe ab omnibus, qui de rebus ad humanam doctrinam pertinentibus scribunt, illud *Horatianum* usurpandum judico,

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

Non

Non enim præcepta quævis ex usu, sed ex ratione æstimanda sunt. *Aristotelis* certe auctoritas plurimum apud nos *Oxonienes*, et jure valet ; at non ita, ut in omnibus ei temere obtemperetur. Et profecto, quid est cur in poetica tractanda eo solo duce nobis opus sit, quem in reliquis scientiis nequaquam erroris expertem comperimus ? Quod si quisquam me aut audaciæ aut arrogantiae insimulet, tanquam meo potius stantem judicio, quod sentio quam sit exiguum, quam aliorum, eorumque in re critica præclarissimorum, sciat oportet me non id agere ut *mihi* plus æquo tribuam, vel ut novæ disciplinæ parens saluter, sed ut ea apud *Shakesperium* nostrum, quæ vulgo vitia dicuntur, defendam, quæque magna mihi semper opinio fuit eum sæpe de industria consectari.'

'THE method which I shall pursue in the following course of lectures, is briefly as follows : All I have had to say upon dramatic poetry, I have rather treated in a series of critical dissertations, than reduced to a system, partly because I chose to deviate from the beaten track, and partly because I know that those who are fond of poetry, are seldom fond of having things treated with a philosophical dryness. One general rule is sufficient to regulate all poetry ; a rule borrowed from nature, of which the poet is always an imitator ; *let there*
be

be nothing monstrous. If we strictly attend to this, it will be quite unnecessary to perplex you and myself with technical terms and critical minutia; a subject which can neither inform the learner, nor please those who are acquainted with poetry. I am not ignorant that the drama is confined by the strictest laws, but I hope soon to be able to shew, that we not only may sometimes infringe upon those laws, but that we even ought to do it, if we would ease the reader, and adhere to nature strictly. To be entirely explicit, those who follow the letter of the law must be often guilty of injustice, and sometimes commit faults more unnatural and unreasonable than those from which they profess to deter us.

‘I AM in the mean time perfectly sensible how invidious a task it must be to impugn doctrines established by time, and by Aristotle; a name which critics of a lesser order implicitly admire; a man whose orders they are ever ready to obey. They, however, who teach others, are not to refute, but determine, and ever to have that maxim of Horace in their eye:

‘Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.

‘IT is not the authority of any precept we are to esteem, but the reasons on which it is established.

The

The authority of Aristotle, I will allow, justly stands in the highest esteem among us of Oxford, yet it would be absurd to pay it upon all occasions an implicit obedience. There is no reason why he who is so justly accused with error in other sciences, should be our only guide in poetry. However, if any should accuse me of audaciousness or arrogance, that resting upon my own authority alone, of which no man has a meaner opinion, I impugn the doctrine of critics of established reputation, let them know that vanity has been by no means my motive. I desire no fame for being the parent of new opinions; I only aim at defending our great countryman Shakespeare, and to shew that what has been imputed to him as faults, are often the result of art and invention.'

THIS pretty well serves to give a general idea of his design, which he has treated with some learning, though but little conviction. The rules of the drama were not invented by Aristotle, but the Greek tragedians: those rules they adopted, because nature and the rules were the same; and in this whole performance we cannot see an objection to them, but that of Shakespeare, and

other English poets, writing well without being acquainted with them.

It may not be improper to remark some strange inaccuracies throughout this volume; as for instance, *intueramur*, for *intuemur*, p. 14, *eorum mos erat vulgas mysteria sua celare, neque per allegorias quid volebant significare*. This unintelligible sentence, probably, should have been read thus: *eorum mos erat a vulgis mysteria sua celare, neque nisi per allegorias quid volebant significare*, p. 25. *Constantem est absolutam* for *constantem & absolutam*, p. 31, and several other places equally erroneous.

BUT let us hasten to his third volume, where, stript of his gown, and descended from the chair of Aristarchus, Mr. Hawkins endeavours to put his own precepts into practice, and enters the lists of fame, divested of those adventitious ornaments, sometimes the reward of genius, but not unfrequently found the badges of stupidity.

THE first performance here is called the *Thimble*, an heroi-comical poem, in five cantos, illustrated with notes critical and explanatory, by
Scriblerus,

Scriblerus Secundus. There is nothing in the whole province of writing more difficult to attain, than humour; the poet, in other subjects, walks a broad road, but here he seems to tread along a line, and the slightest deviation undoes him. Humour once missed, most effectually turns the author ridiculous: all the satire he would fondly level at others, is now pointed against himself; and as the tyrant of a tragedy, he is himself obliged to swallow the poison prepared for another. A disappointed humourist is indeed a most deplorable figure, somewhat like block-heads of vivacity in company, ever grinning without a jest. The whole plot of these five cantos is no more than a young lady happening to prick her finger with a needle. The gods and goddesses were resolved to make a thimble, to prevent such disasters for the future. Vulcan accordingly made one, and Venus gave it to the lady's lover, and he brought it his mistress, and so they were resolved to be married. This is a plot of genuine antique simplicity; however, it is illustrated with a match of shuttlecock and blindman's buff, by way of episode.

THE next is Henry and Rosamond, a tragedy, which Mr. Garrick refused, because it was more

like a poem than a play. Shakespeare, our author's favourite, seems principally imitated, the antiquated turn of his diction being sometimes erroneously preserved.

THEN follows the Siege of Aleppo, a tragedy, refused at both houses, like the former. This is by many degrees the best of Mr. Hawkins's productions, and is a work that really deserves applause; it will be saying not much, not indeed enough, in its favour to aver, that several worse pieces have of late been accepted by the managers, and exhibited with success. To quote from it, would be to injure the author, since its greatest merit lies in the opposition of character, the variety of the distress, and the unexpected catastrophe. As in the former play, so here, he seems to have Shakespeare ever in his eye. There are many works more of our author in this publication, in all which we find something to praise. Be it enough to say in general, that Mr. Hawkins was not born a poet, or that imitation has spoiled him.

A Review of the Works of the Rev. Mr. W. HAWKINS, late Professor of Poetry in the University of OXFORD. And of the Remarks made on the same in the CRITICAL REVIEW for August, and in the MONTHLY REVIEW for September, 1759. In a Letter to the Authors of both Reviews. By an impartial Reader. 8vo. 1s. Kinnerley.

THE present review of the works of Mr. Hawkins is supposed to be written by a friend; but when we come to examine the performance, this friend appears pretty plainly to be no other than Mr. Hawkins himself. It seems his works, in three volumes, had passed in review before us in our critical capacity some months ago, and we thought them but *indifferent*; they paraded it a second time, before the profound authors of the Monthly Review, and they thought them *indifferent*; they solicited the public attention in the usual methods of publication, and if we may judge by the success, there also they were thought but *indifferent*: so many witnesses in one story would probably have convinced any reasonable being of his own mediocrity. Mr. H. however, was not to be convinced; he has undertaken to review his own writings;

has published a comment that almost nobody will read, upon writings that almost nobody has read; has surveyed himself on all sides, and thinks himself on every side invulnerable. *O te bolane cerebri felicem fecerunt divi.*

A MAN who reviews his own works is indeed a curiosity, and the reader is undoubtedly impatient to hear in what manner he treats himself. Our reviewer therefore sets off with informing us, 'That he is apt to think the candid and judicious reader will acknowledge his style, whether Latin or English, in verse or in prose, to be pure, easy, fluent, manly, and elegant. It is sometimes perhaps too voluble and diffusive, but, I think, seldom so as to be perplexed and unintelligible. In short, I presume, in this respect, Mr. H.'s Miscellanies are fit to lie upon the same shelf with the works of the most celebrated modern writers, either in our own or the Latin tongue.—It will be but justice to our author to add, that he sufficiently sustains the compound character both of a verse and prose writer; the merits of each are as distinct as may be; nor does the one seem to be a whit the worse for the other.' The reader now sees the great difference between us and this gentleman; he is for putting
his

his own works upon the same shelf with Milton and Shakespeare, and we are for allowing him an inferior situation; he would have the same reader that commends Addison's delicacy to talk with raptures of the purity of Hawkins; and he who praises the Rape of the Lock to speak with equal feelings of that richest of all poems, Mr. Hawkins's THIMBLE.

BUT we, alas! cannot speak of Mr. H. with the same unrestrained share of panegyric that he does of himself; and though we despise the crowd upon other occasions, yet we must join them in this instance, and leave this gentleman to his self-applauding singularity. We allowed him, indeed, some small share of merit in a former article; and this is most certain, that whatever he may say of our partiality, or our malevolence, the manner in which his works were treated then, betrayed neither; but bore a greater share of indulgence than our duty to the public should, in strict justice, have permitted. In whatever places we were good-natured enough to make no objections, this gentleman has imagined we had nothing to object: we passed over the merits of his stile in silence, and he has thought proper to regard this as a symptom of malevolence, which

was

was in reality the strongest instance of our moderation.

AFTER he has sufficiently *bedunccd* us through several pages, he at last has the tenderness to answer to our particular objections, and that with sufficient prolixity. In this dispute, he at least has the advantage of being as tedious as he thinks proper, because he seems no way solicitous about trespassing on the reader's patience. We must, on the other hand, study conciseness, because we write in order to be read.

THE first material objection, which he endeavours to answer, is that made to his endeavouring to prove, by reason alone, the immortality of the soul. We thought, at the time we objected, and think still, that we are obliged to revelation alone for any evidence in this matter; and that those philosophers, who were guided only by reason, vainly endeavoured to prove that immortality which it is our duty to believe. Plato, who is said to have dogmatized more on this than any other subject (as we before observed), brought but very superficial arguments to prove a truth of so great importance to society: we instanced one, *viz.* that of the different duration

tion of the different parts of the body, and thought this the most plausible argument he makes use of. Mr. H. is of a different opinion; but unfortunately does not give any reasons, nor any quotations from Plato, to prove his sentiments, but says any school-boy may do it. Almost all Plato's reasoning upon this subject, depends upon two *Data*, that of the soul's pre-existing before the body; and that of abstract existences, which he calls ideas; which commentators have pretended to explain an hundred different ways: if we grant him either of these, it is certain his proofs are sufficiently cogent; but it is hoped no Christian divine will grant him the first; and the latter, what is it but begging the question?

BUT Mr. H. thinks it not only apparent from reason, but as demonstrable as the immortality of God himself; and yet brings no proof of the immortality of God, but that of spirit's not being subject to corruption. Whether spirit is subject to corruption or no, is the whole question in debate; and sure it cannot be called an argument, roundly to assert that it is or it is not; and yet such an argument is all that Mr. H. has thought proper to use. We offered a better,
viz.

viz. the omnipotence of the Godhead; and if he does not think proper to make use of it, that is his fault, not ours.

OUR self-reviewer goes on to praise himself where we thought him only tolerable; to quote from himself where he thinks it will redound to his reputation: a man is indeed hard put to it for praise, and must have but indifferent neighbours, who is thus obliged to commend himself.

AFTER much railing he proceeds to reproach us for having translated him wrong, and for having substituted bad Latin for good. We must confess, the errors of the press are what, in a periodical publication of this nature, it is impossible to remedy. We must own that the line of Horace should have been written, *Jurare in verba magistri*, not *verbi*, as it is erroneously printed; and that *vulgis* should have been printed *vulgo*; but who is there that can be mistaken in either? who is there that has not the hackneyed quotation, here mentioned, by heart? and yet such errors as these does this gentleman insist upon! It is true, we undertook no easy task when we attempted to make a man speak sense against his will. Mr. H. it seems wanted to shew that

that the druids never delivered their mysteries, but in an allegorical manner, and to this effect translated a French writer to support his assertion. *Eorum mos erat vulgus mysteria sua celare, neque per allegorias quid volebant significare*, which literally translated runs thus. It was their custom to conceal from the vulgar their mysteries, and not signify by allegories their meaning. Is this what Mr. H. designed to say? if it be, he talks in opposition to what he intended to prove, and contradicts matter of fact into the bargain. If he meant any thing, he must surely have designed to say, *Eorum mos erat a vulgo mysteria sua celare* (celo often governing an ablative with a preposition) *neque NISI per allegorias quid volebant significare*. This gives an entirely different sense to the passage before us, and we dare still aver, is the sense which was originally intended. But if he is still determined to have it nonsense; if he is still resolved to stick to his old *mumpsimus*, we are content that it is his fault, not ours.

BUT why has Mr. H. taken so much pains to accuse us of envy and malevolence; was it his fame as a writer that we wanted to remove, in order to make way for our own? That could hardly have been the case with respect to the
author

author of tragedies that were all either damned or refused, or poems that were entirely forgotten! We might have pitied indeed, but we surely could not envy. Perhaps our motive to malevolence might have been, that Mr. Hawkins stood between us and a good living: we can solemnly assure him we are quite contented with our present situation in the church, are quite happy in a wife and forty pounds a year, nor have the least ambition for pluralities. The truth is, Mr. H. like every disappointed author, was angry, and knew none but us to wreak his vengeance upon: he somewhat resembles the serjeant in the comedy, who, whenever insulted by his superior officers, went home to beat his wife.

F I N I S.